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50¢

December 1971

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A DATE AT INDIO • CROSS COUNTRY ON A 90

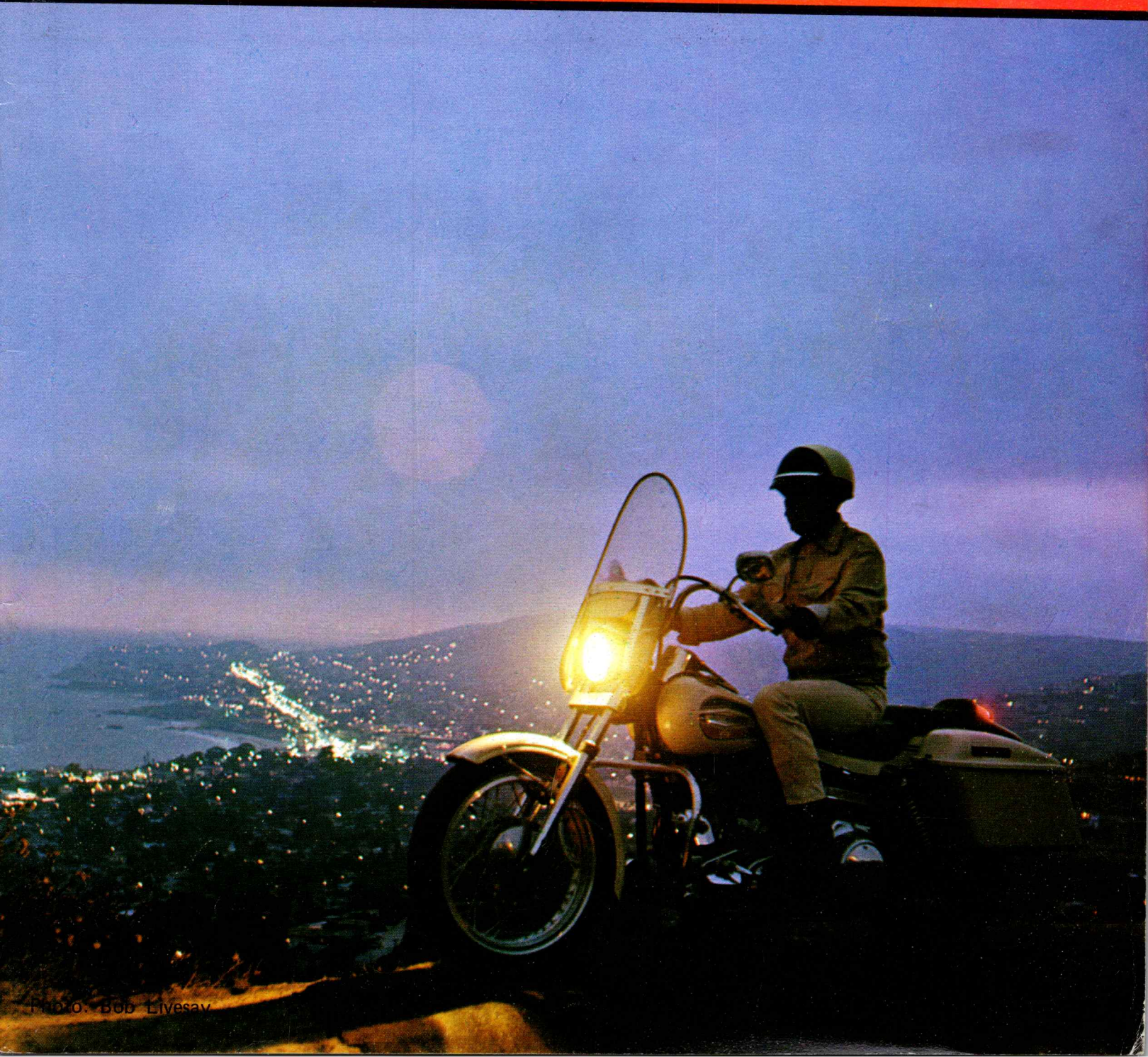

Photo: Bob Livesay

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ROAD RIDER

Volume 2, Number 9

December, 1971

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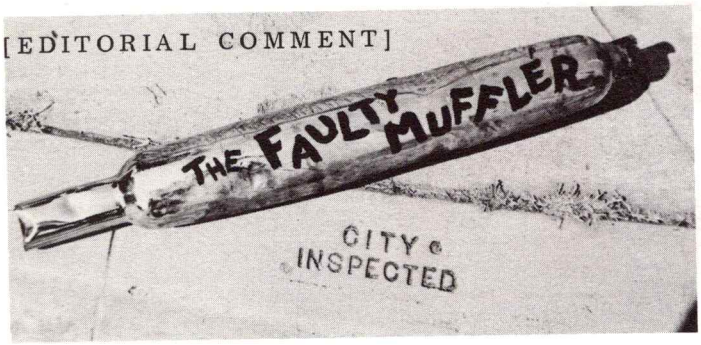
COVER: Tally up still another RR cover for Bob Livesay. This one makes it four out of the nine color covers we've had to date. Bob caught RR Editor Roger Hull aboard the test Super Glide just at twilight. The photo was taken in the hills behind Laguna Beach -- which sparkles in the background. And if you think it was pretty when this photo was taken, you ought to see it now with all those thousands and thousands of Christmas lights.

[EDITORIAL COMMENT]



If you've already thumbed through a few pages, then you know why this issue got dubbed "the old timer's one" while we were working on it. I hope you enjoy reading it even half as much as we did putting it together. If so, a lot of the credit goes to Alfred H. Feldmann of Detroit.

You see, Al started it all more than a year ago when he wrote to ask if we'd be interested in an 'old' article about two guys who took a bike trip out of Topeka. Well, I figured that 'old' meant, maybe, four or five years ago... but I was anxious for material dealing with the Mid-West so I told him to send it in and let us have a look.

What arrived was a 49-year-old manuscript (plus about 130 fading snapshots) which had all of its 40-plus typewritten pages taped end to end in the form of an enormous scroll. It turned out to be a heck of an editing job -- trying to abridge that original. Although I had to omit many fascinating episodes, I did try to avoid re-writing in order to preserve its 1920-ish flavor. The toughest part came in eliminating about 100 of those old photos. (One even ended up as No Comment on Page 64.) As an article it's one of the longest we've printed...but you guys who think you've broken fresh ground when you rack up 300 miles on an Interstate -- check it out (A Year and One Hour, Page 10) and see what you missed by being born so recently.

That old manuscript also inspired my Rode Test on the Super Glide (On Their Trail, Page 42). It seemed like a good gimmick to repeat Gerberick and Kerle's route these days. Arrangements were made for the test machine and just about half a century after they left Topeka, I picked up their basic route in Southern California. As I followed their trail over the miles, I became more and more impressed. By the time I returned to Laguna, I felt as if I had known them both. A few days ago I got the chance to meet Royal Gerberick. He is a handsome man of 74 years who now lives in Huntington Park -- just a short ride from the office. I spent a very enjoyable day with Royal and his wife discussing that journey he made so many years ago.

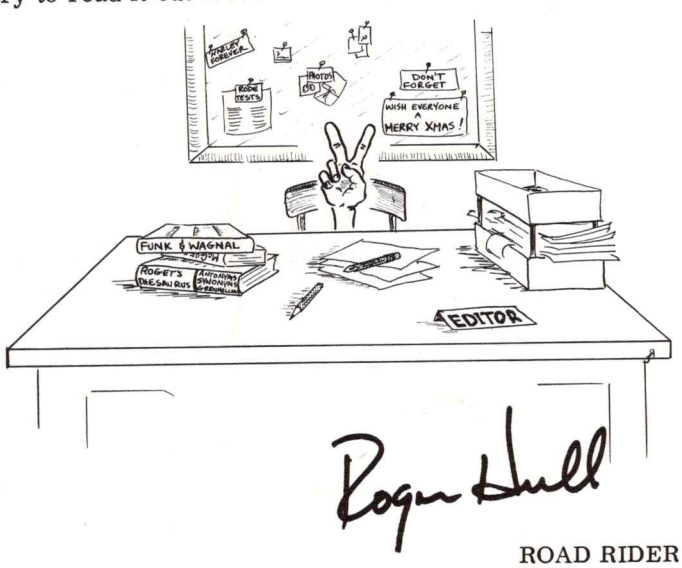
All of which brings me to this -- for some time I've felt that we road-riding types have a void in our sport: No heroes. Most of the old time bikers we read about are either the racers or the stuntmen. There just hasn't been much credit given to pioneering touring bikers. With this in mind, RR has awarded our second RR SALUTES trophies (Page 8). The recipients are not famous names, but three old time road riders who you probably never heard of until now. However, we feel they have much in common with today's average touring rider -- ordinary people with a deep love for cycling. We selected them, then, not to offer them up as those missing heroes, but because they are symbolic of so many pioneering bikers ...those ignored people who showed us the way.

Lots of the old timers have passed on in recent years -- and this issue is intended as an indirect tribute to them ...as well as to those who are still with us; men like Bill Tuthill or J. C. "Pappy" Hoel or Sam Pierce and all the others. And I just discovered a name I didn't know until Joe Walker showed me an old magazine which belonged to the late Harley Rathbun (and there are two more names for the list). Know about a biker named George A. Wyman? You should. Wyman was the first person to ride a motorcycle (or any other gasoline-powered vehicle so far as that goes) from coast to coast. He did it back in 1903 (the same year that Harley-Davidson went into production). Now that I know a little about George A. Wyman, I'd like to know a lot more. If any of you have additional information, please drop me a note.

I'd like to make mention of some fair additions to our (dis)Staff. You'll find two new names on the masthead this month... Pat Sabetta and Judi Richardson. Pat is Circulation Manager and thanks to our continued rapid growth, it kinda keeps her busy. She's had experience on other magazines and I think you'll find less confusion in the subscription end of things now that we have our own expert in the field.

Judi has worked for both CYCLE GUIDE and MotorCYCLIST... and comes to RR as Advertising Coordinator. That, I believe, makes her the first woman to hold down such a job on a bike magazine. She'll probably end up with some by-lines, too. Judi emulated Patti Carpenter by doing a report on her Suzuki Titan for the November issue of MotorCYCLIST.

Earlier I mentioned the problem I had trying to abridge the old manuscript. Well, I had another one with this issue -- editing Dean A. Grennell's "A Date At Indio" (Page 34). Not only is Dean an expert etymologist (albeit with a slight case of semi-alliteracy), he's also a fast man with the thesaurus, a weird dude with a dictionary (which I suggest you keep handy while reading his article), a long distance pun-ner AND Editor of GUN WORLD. Now, editing an editor's editorial efforts is enervating (now he's got me doing it!). Anyhow, when I discovered that -- according to Dean -- I am now a "porciphilic editor", I snapped my blue pencil and let it go in pretty much the way he wrote it...and whatever you do, don't try to read it out loud.



Roger Hull

ROAD RIDER

letters

"IMAGE OF YOUR CHOICE" CHOICE

Harvey Woien's 'Image of Your Choice' in the August/September issue was great. It's now one of my favorite articles I have read in RR.

Bill Compton
Dallas, Texas

The article 'Image of Your Choice' by Harvey Woien was very funny and really great -- as were all the articles.

Bill Stever
Bishop, California

Your article on how to develop an image was hilarious. The author of that article was certainly perceptive. As a housewife and mother of two, I'm not sure of my own image. I use my bike for transportation constantly and have to ride it to the doctor's appointments, store, etc. I don't think the chopper riders who pull up beside me know quite what to think. I'm always tempted to say "It sure ruins the image, doesn't it, fella?"

Mrs. William Billingsley
Napa, California

FROM NORTH OF DOWN EAST

I really appreciated the October/November issue as it was my first issue but also for the article 'Underway Down East'. This was the first article I've read or seen about bikers coming to the Maritime Provinces for a trip and really enjoying it. Our riding season is short but for about three months, it's really good touring weather.

Allan M. Peters
Caraquet, New Brunswick

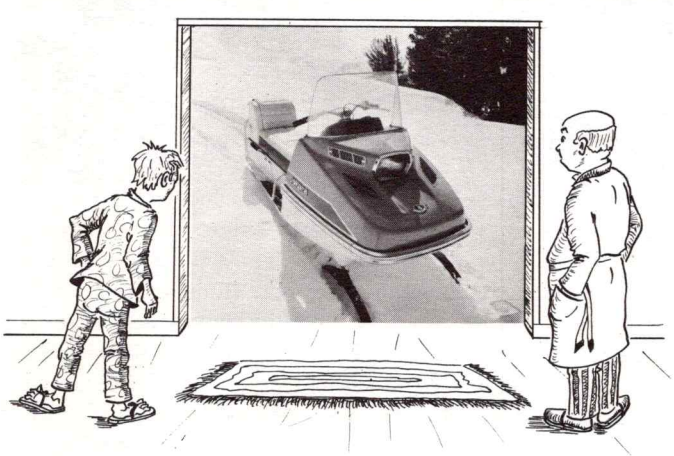
RATING 'RIDE SAFE'

I believe your article 'Ride Safe' rates an AAA+. I have ridden with many individuals, double or single with just one other bike or as many as 43 and I think there are too few who follow good safe cycling habits. Thanks very much.

David R. Gardner
Fremont, Michigan

From what I see in your current issue, it looks like ROAD RIDER is the place to look for the information I need. I expecially want to praise Mr. Carpenter for his article 'Ride Safe!' He should be commended for this excellent article which should be read, reread and -- most of all -- heeded by every motorcyclist.

Jerry H. Bearden
Savannah, Georgia



That's not what I meant when I said I wanted a Suzuki!

Congratulations on the 'Ride Safe!' article. I thought it was very well done. I bought an excellent helmet, a sturdy pair of boots and a full set of leathers just for road riding. I honestly didn't expect to use them but figured if I ever did, it would be worth it. Well, I ended up using them on the Golden Gate Bridge and was not injured at all. My leathers easily paid for themselves right there. I'm not particularly proud of my accident; it happened at a moment of inattention. But I am proud of the fact that I had the sense to buy protective clothing. I really think your article will save lives if it is taken seriously. Thanks again.

Roger L. Barker
San Francisco, California

ABOUT THAT SPECIAL ISSUE

I've just finished the August/September issue. 'Choosing Your Touring Motorcycle' was an article I would dearly have loved to have had when I first got hung up on bikes a couple of years ago. The intended purposes of the various classes of motorcycles can be a damned confusing subject to the newcomer. 'What About Accessories' was a useful guide to making intelligent choices in that area and 'Custom Leathers' was more than worthwhile for the pictures and captions alone. The growth and progress of ROAD RIDER is an example of product improvement at its best.

Mike Bartlett
Phoenix, Arizona

NOT-SO-WELCOME ITEM EXPLAINED

I have established contact with our Denver, Colorado dealer, Mr. Roger Edney, concerning the matter. Mr. Edney advises me that he is extremely sorry that his facilities were not open to Harley-Davidson riders on the final day of the Pikes Peak Tour. However at the time Mr. Edney was quite ill and this tour was overlooked. Had this oversight not occurred, the facilities would certainly have been opened... Roger does feel that it is extremely unfortunate that he was closed and places all the blame on himself. He states that he was open last year and will be open in the future as he definitely is concerned with the Harley-Davidson tourist riders.

John C. Finstad
Dealer Progress Supervisor
Harley-Davidson Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

...(Thanks for the explanation. Hopefully it will soothe some of the H-D owners whose tempers flared back in August and enable us to transfer Denver Harley back to the Welcome side.)

THE GUZZI -- A BOUQUET AND A BIRD

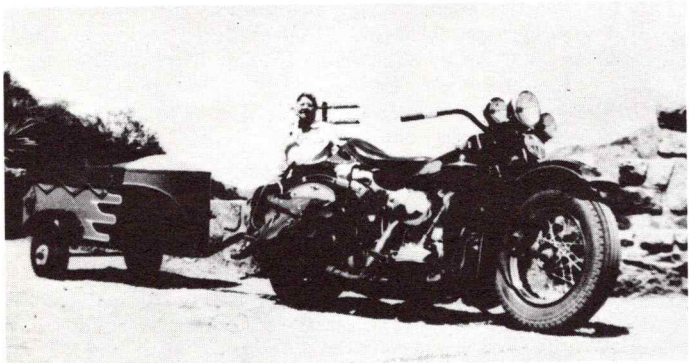
When I filled out the Guzzi questionnaire, I had forgotten about some of the pet peeves which were easy to fix. The throw-out bearing -- back it with wheel-bearing grease. My original lasted only three thousand miles; my second is still going after more than 20,000 miles. Cold weather battery problems -- just retard the spark a few degrees and let it crank a few revolutions before you give it any gas. The reserve tank -- remove the right side petcock and plug the bottom two of four inlet holes. You will always have half-a-gallon left when going to reserve on the left side. The exhaust flange -- even lock wire doesn't help that problem because the gasket compresses and removes the pressure against the pipe allowing it to rattle and the gasses to excape. Just keep on tightning the flange periodically... and be glad that is your only complaint.

Bob Skeans
Ontario, California

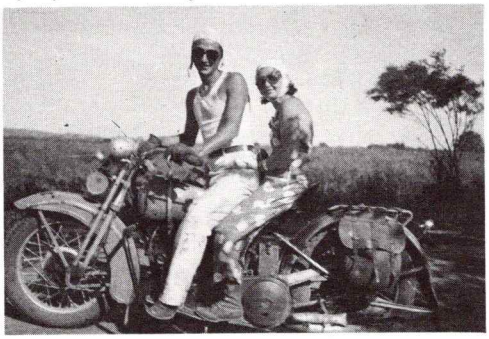
(Letters continued on Page 60.)

If this issue of ROAD RIDER doesn't do anything else, it ought to convince just about everybody that as far as motorcycling goes, most of us are Johnnys-come-lately to the sport. Which is just another way of saying that Patti and I had no idea that our 'gigantic photo contest' was going to turn into a veritable deluge of tintypes. We confess, you surprised us. At any rate, we didn't have the heart to use only three or so as we'd first planned, so for this issue, TWO UP will be two pages long in order to squeeze in more of the great photos you folks sent us.

Obviously, we couldn't use them all (for one thing, we had some problems with reproduction and we didn't want to take a chance on damaging any of the prints)...but thanks very much to all of you who sent in your photographic heirlooms. We appreciate it.

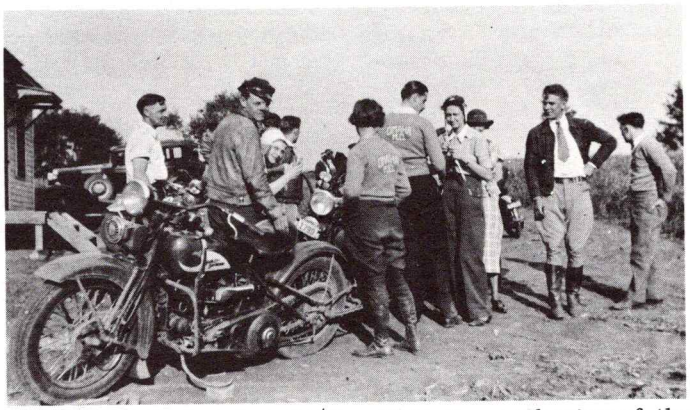


Think motorcycle trailers started with Mini-Kamper and Hobo? Here's Jim Barkley's 1947 edition, a did-it-himself tote-along constructed from plywood, angle iron and a set of eight-ply airplane tail wheels. Jim has been riding since 1928 and he and his wife Mildred completed a two-week, 3,900 mile cycle vacation this past summer.

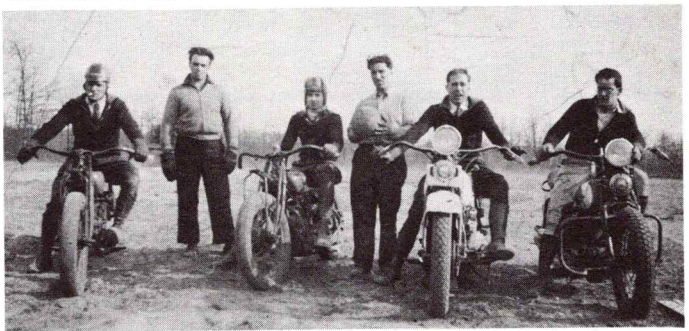


In 1934, Vi and John Andresen set off from Council Bluffs, Iowa on their brand new Harley-Davidson for a grand tour of the United States. They spent almost a year on the road, supporting themselves by setting up a portable dime photo booth at carnivals and fairs enroute. (Note Vi's G.I. wedgies.)

Raymond Vernard on his 1932 74 with sidehack sometime around 1933. Raymond and his wife Lois were active in motorcycling and were members of the...



...Omaha (Nebraska) M/C. This is a gathering of the club in July, 1935. The Omaha M/C promoted and attended many events during the thirties, primarily hillclimbs and field trials.



Speaking of clubs: Ray August, President of the Queensboro M/C of New York (you may remember that this is the club which sponsors the Scavenger Hunt featured in the Feb/March, '71 issue) sent us this shot of the Q-boro M/C soccer team circa the early thirties. Fellow on the white Harley second from the right is Frank Marino who is still an active member and holds the office of Club Treasurer. The club, incidentally, holds AMA charter number 45 and goes back to 1910.

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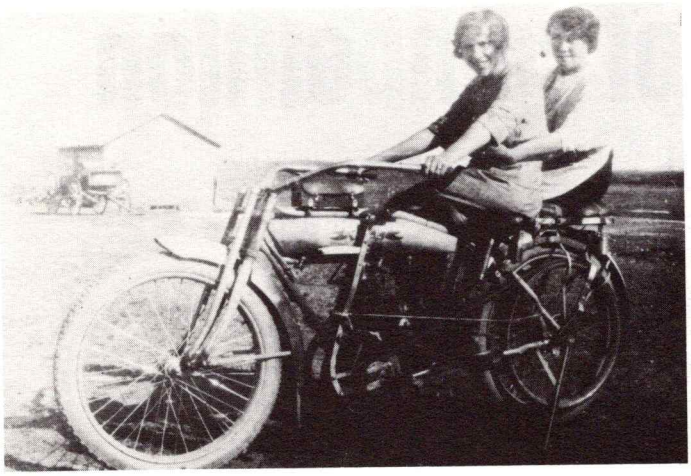
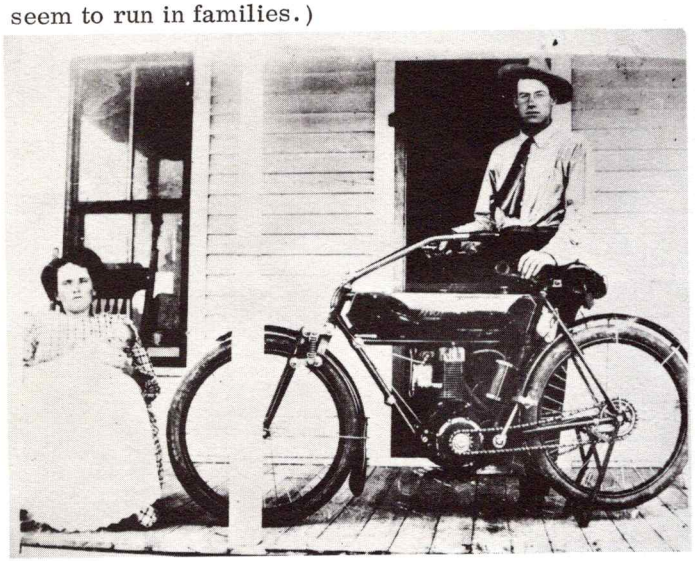
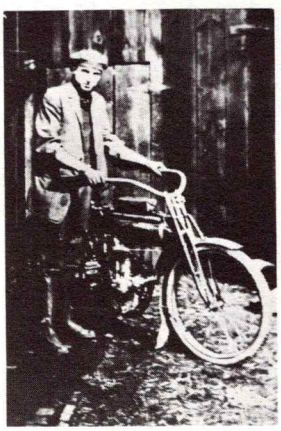


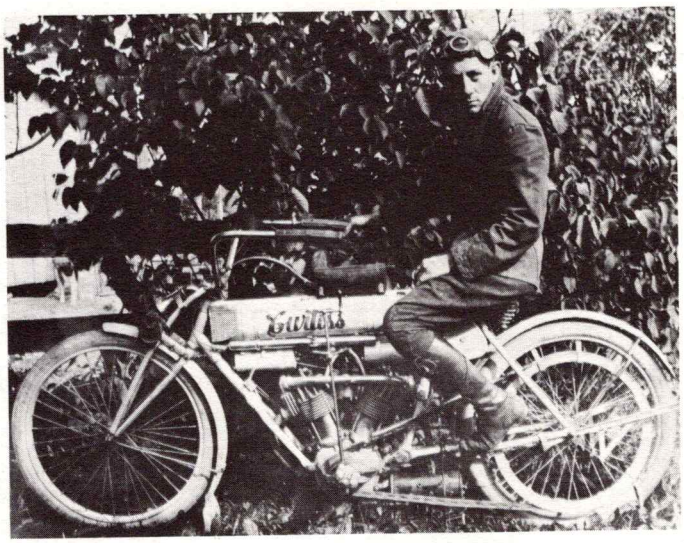
Mrs. W. S. Rogers will be surprised to see this photo. That's her on the left, posed with a friend on the pillion of her brother's Yale -- taken in the summer of 1914 on a Wyoming ranch. It was sent to us by Dwight Evans of Tulsa, Oklahoma, a cousin of RR Editor Roger Hull who usually calls Mrs. Rogers "Aunt Katie". (See, it does seem to run in families.)



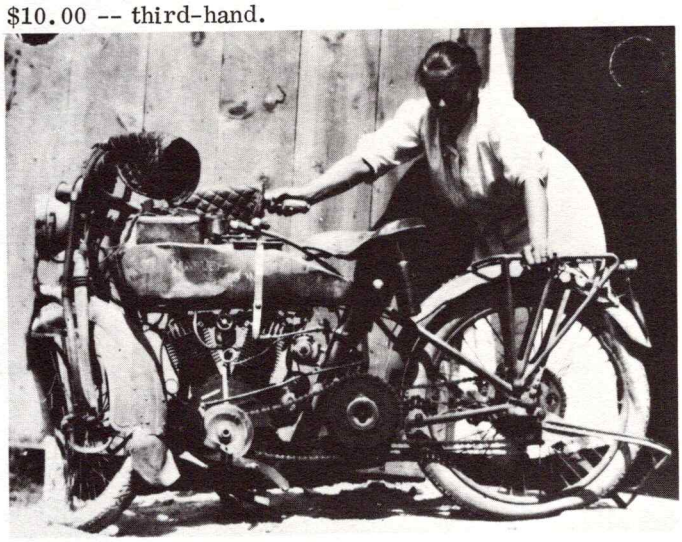
Retread Club member Bob House came out of the scrapbook with this classic. The machine is a Thor of approximate 1909 vintage and the people are his wife's relatives. The photo was taken in the spring of 1910 and is titled simply: "Aunt Ida, Donnie, Uncle Milt".

We have a very nice neighbor who lives right next door. Her name is Mrs. Thomas F. Norton (and Norton Air Force Base is named after her son, Leland). Anyhow, she heard about our search for old cycling photos and she came over one evening with this one. It's a picture of her brother, Roy Hopkins, when he was 18 years of age. He's holding up a brand new Flying Merkel (yes, there really was such a thing) and the year is 1910.





Oldest photo was sent in by ROAD RIDER "Salutee" Al Feldmann. Al says he likes this particular photo because the machine is a duplicate of his first motorcycle: a 1907 61-inch, Curtiss V-Twin. The man aboard it is Vernon Jones of Lebenon, Ohio, brother of Maldwyn Jones, competition racer for Merkel and, later, a member of the famous H-D 'Wrecking Team'. Al's first bike cost him $10.00 -- third-hand.

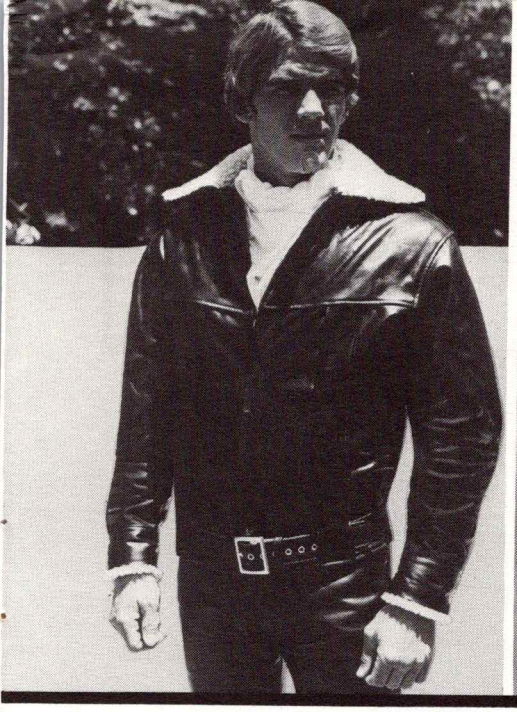


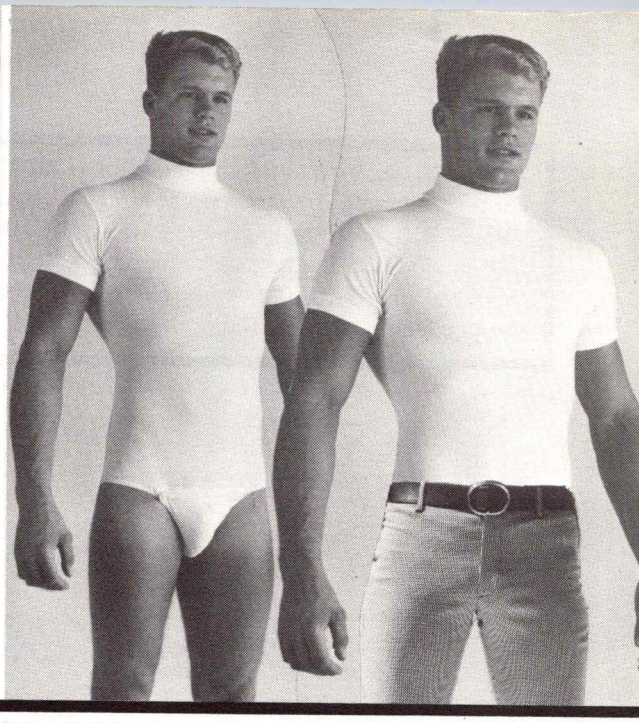
RR contributor R. J. Haeckel claims this photo has two titles: "My mother wouldn't let me keep my Harley in the kitchen", or "My first motorcycle ride ended at the telephone pole at Fifth and Main!" Somehow we don't quite believe either of them.

Again -- our thanks to the folks who sent in the photos. And from the two of us...a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you.

Ride safe,

Bob - Patti





BOMBER JACKET . . . Top grain cowhide, Dacron fleece collar, hand pockets under front pleats, self belt. Hip length, tapered. Thermal blanket thruout. Nylon lining. Jet Black. State ht., wt., dress shirt size, chest, waist. 75.00

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04928 56.00

RAINSUIT . . . Look sharp and keep dry! Neat foul weather gear in a one-piece tailored oversuit trimmed with racing stripes down left back and both sleeves. Stripes are lenticular reflective "Scotchlite" in pearl gray. Good looking in the daytime, effective at night. One-piece front and back yoke — no shoulder seams to leak. 2-way front zip is covered. Waterproof flap on front pocket stays down with Velcro. Self belt. Elasticized hand and foot openings. Stitched in very tough 100% Nylon. Black, Navy Blue, Orange, or Oyster White. Regular and Extra-Long sizes S, M, L. (Sized to be worn over street clothes.) 26.00

In the October/November issue for 1970, the first ROAD RIDER Salutes trophy was awarded. (It went to Bill and Betsy Manning for their work in creating the Pikes Peak Tour.) We explained then that RR would present such trophies from time to time. It was not to be any annual sort of thing. There might be two or three awarded within the period of a year...or there might not be any for several years. Basically, an outstanding contribution to the sport of motorcycling, road rider division, is the qualifying factor in determining when and to whom a trophy will be presented. This, then, is the second time such awards have been made.

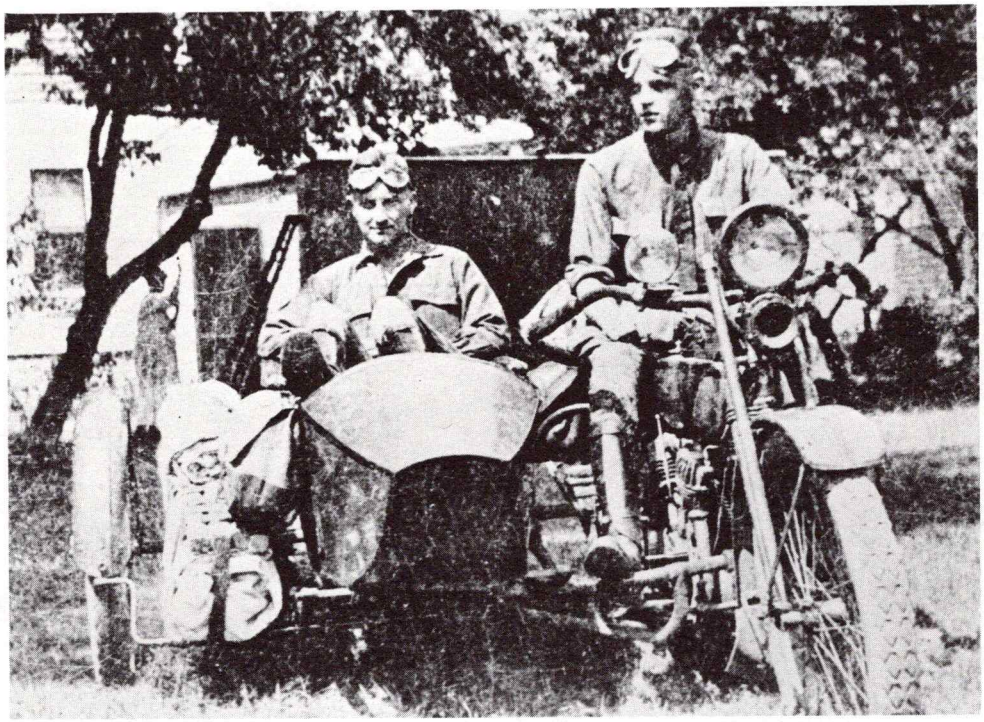
ROAD RIDER SALUTES

Roy H. Kerle

Royal F. Gerberick

Alfred H. Feldmann

Their names were Roy H. Kerle and Royal F. Gerberick. They were two guys with a motorcycle sidecar rig -- out to see the way the world was in nineteen and twenty-one. They didn't set any records...they didn't try to. They didn't win any trophies...there were none to win. Just a pair of young men riding around the West fifty years ago; meeting people, finding adventure, enjoying themselves and sharing the experiences which were then -- and are now -- the greatest rewards of motorcycling.



Roy H. Kerle and Royal F. Gerberick in Topeka, Kansas, 1921.

Alfred H. Feldmann in Setauget, New York, 1919.

Roy H. Kerle died in 1968, never to realize his dream of repeating that journey in 1971. His last long cycle trip was made less than a year before his death. Solo, he rode from Kansas to Michigan and back...at the age of 72.

Royal F. Gerberick lives in Huntington Park, California today. At age 74, he has not been an active cyclist for 48 years. Nevertheless, his year-long pilgrimage in 1921 and 1922 remains one of his most cherished memories. Royal provided us with additional information and photographic identifications and locations to help in the preparation of this issue.

For what they did and how they did it -- but mostly because they are representative of a spirit which spans the years between their youth and the motorcyclists of today, ROAD RIDER Salutes Royal F. Gerberick and the late Roy H. Kerle.

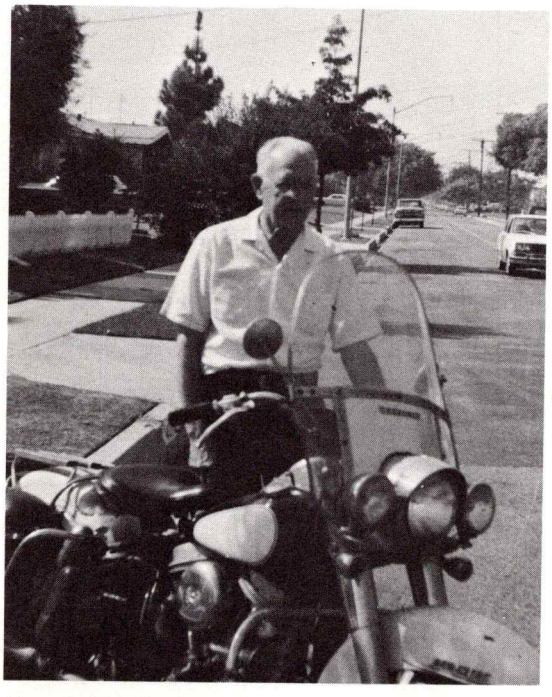
Their story was brought to us by Alfred H. Feldmann who was untiring in his cooperation and his painstaking efforts to aid us in telling their story. His extensive collection of photographs was made available to us and he went to great lengths to reproduce, catalog and identify them, and to provide us with essential information. Al is a well-known biker in his area. At age 76, he continues to ride roads on his favorite BMW, taking part in today's motorcycling scene just as he has been doing for the past 58 years.

Therefore, because of his life-long devotion to the sport...in recognition of his attempts to win honor not for himself but for others like him...because he is of the same breed and rightfully belongs among America's pioneering motorcyclists, a special ROAD RIDER Salute to a man who is both a pioneering and a contemporary motorcyclist -- Alfred H. Feldmann of Detroit, Michigan.

KERLE and GERBERICK and FELDMANN...

ROAD RIDER Salutes these men not just to call attention to their individual achievements, but because they are representative of an important era in motorcycling and are symbolic of many, many others. We take this means to recognize a legacy...to acknowledge a great debt...and to pay homage to those ordinary -- but most uncommon -- cyclists, the "Old Timers".

Gentleman, to all of you -- our respects and our thanks.



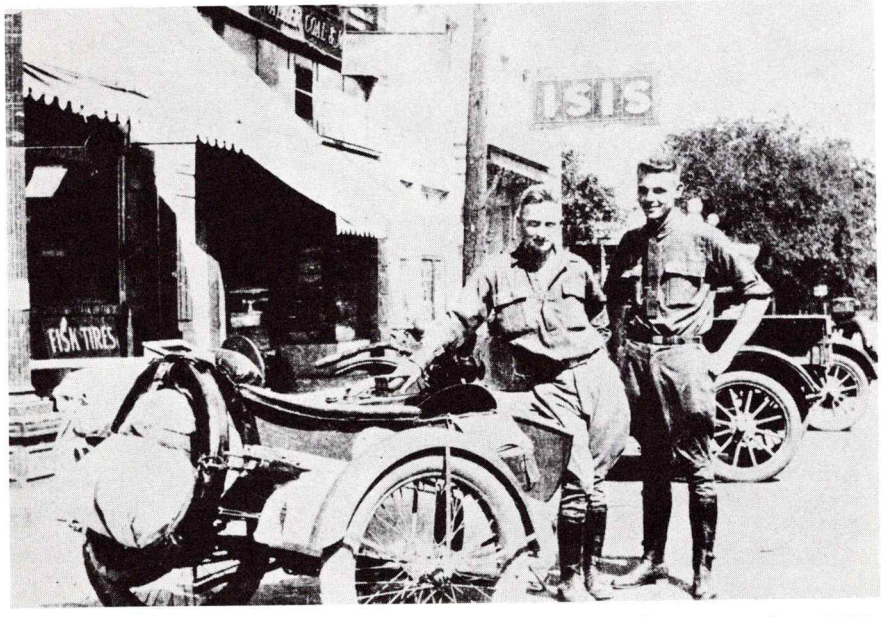
Royal F. Gerberick in front of his home in Huntington Park, California, 1971.

Alfred H. Feldmann (right, with Floyd Dreyea) at the Four Winds Rally at West Finley, Pennsylvania, 1971.

On the 27th of July, 1921, Royal F. Gerberick and Roy H. Kerle left Topeka, Kansas, on Gerberick's Model 20J (61 cubic inch) Harley-Davidson sidecar rig. Their intentions were to tour the western part of the country and they were spectacularly successful. In the course of their trip they were in 13 states and travelled on roads which consisted of -- to quote Kerle -- "some pavement, gravel, dirt, sand, dry-washes and mud, 'beau-coupe' mud." They covered nearly 19,000 miles and it took them...

A YEAR AND ONE HOUR

Six months after they returned, Roy Kerle sat down and wrote an extensive account of their adventures. Excerpts from his story appeared in the Harley-Davidson magazine, THE ENTHUSIAST, for April, 1923. What follows is an abridged version of Kerle's manuscript as it was orgininally written in 1922.



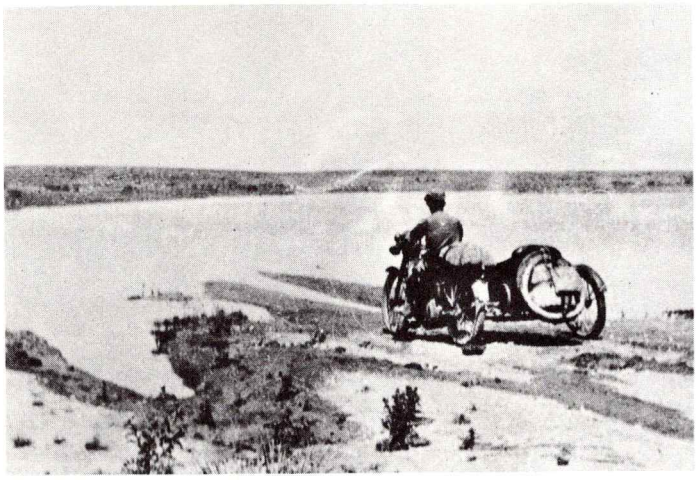
Roy H. Kerle (left) and Royal F. Gerberick ready to leave Topeka, 1921.

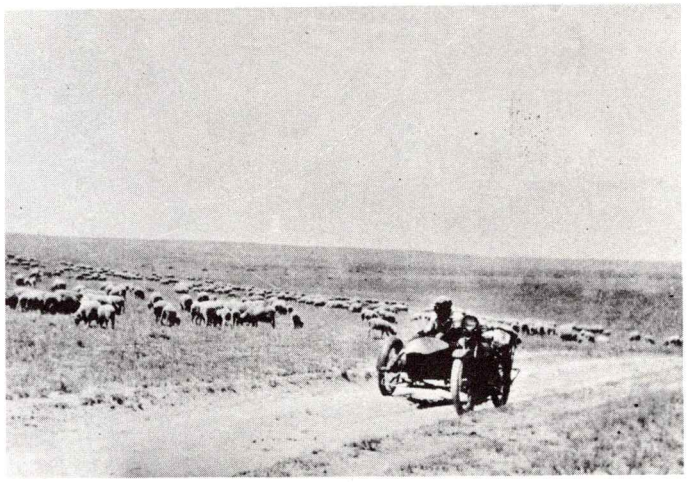
Photos from the collection of
ALFRED H. FELDMANN
with special thanks to
ARTHUR A. BORKIN
who aided in their reproduction here.

Royal F. Gerberick poses with his machine at Big Bear Lake, California, in 1921.

With the intention of seeing half of the United States and parts of Mexico and Canada, my partner, R. F. Gerberick and I left Topeka, Kansas, on Wednesday, July 27th, 1921. We cared not how many miles we could make in a day, so we stopped along the way to visit with friends. Osage City, Herrington, McPherson, Lyons (where I got pinched for going 30 miles per hour in 1916) Great Bend, and Garden City. We followed the old National Trail (Santa Fe Trail) where the tracks of the '49ers were still visible in many places. An unusual amount of rain had made the roads all but impassable and so that last 20-mile stretch of gravel into Garden City was a treat.

Early morning on the first day of August we were bound for Colorado, following the Arkansas River Valley. This valley, menaced by the big Pueblo flood, had roads which were indescribable. Another storm was approaching from the west as we stopped in Lamar, Colorado, and bought some grub. Losing no time, we made about seven miles and stopped at a school house just as the storm struck. We got the machine under a buggy shed in the rear, set up our cots inside the school house, and fixed a big meal on an old oil stove. We were quite comfortable there and I recall my partner saying: "Let it rain. We can stay here until school starts in the Fall."





The next morning we made the sad mistake of starting out too soon. The road was nothing but deep mud. Pulling over to the side, we began the task of digging the mud out of the wheels and cleaning the chains. By the time the sun came out, we were on our way once more (the road dried out fast). Not many miles later we were stopped again. An irrigation ditch had broken and the road was washed out completely.

We pitched camp and got a good night's rest before we started out on a long detour. Part of it was an old railroad bed and so we bumped along on the ties all the way to La Junta. There we were told that it would be impossible to get to Pueblo because an eight-foot wall of water was due in La Junta at any time. We both craved excitement so we started out anyhow. After running in and out of mud holes for about 25 miles, we came to a gravel road but it was mostly under water; not deep, but annoying. My partner took off his shoes and socks and rolled up his trousers. He went ahead to throw rocks in the water, relying on the sound for depth as we proceeded. Just before reaching Pueblo we came upon the St. Charles River. Just our luck, the bridge was washed out. We stopped for awhile to watch the teams pulling automobiles across. Then we picked out the most shallow part and decided to beat them out of their $5.00. My partner suggested I open up in low gear when we hit the channel. Still bare footed, he would be behind to push if it was necessary. As we started down the bank, he stepped on a sharp rock and stopped. I kept going, landed in the channel--and sank.

With the aid of the team we were pulled up out of the river and onto the other bank -- just like the cars. To our surprise, the engine started again with the first kick. We went on to Pueblo.

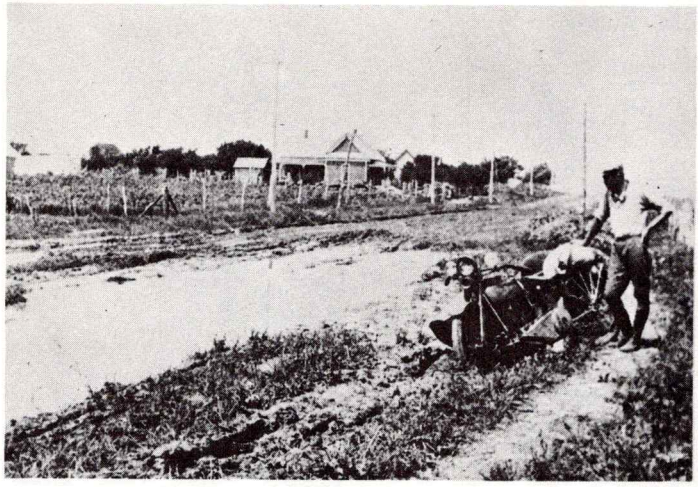
We spent the next day looking over the flood area which was still being cleaned up. Then we left for Salida and Monarch Pass. More bad roads into Canon City and the road up Devil's Gap was completely washed out. A small boy with a pair of burro's was helping cars through the sandy bed of a creek, but the trusty Harley (with the aid of a 14-tooth engine sprocket) dug right in and we were soon out of the flood district. After visiting the Royal Gorge, we rode to Salida where we stopped to fill up with supplies before starting the climb to the summit of Monarch Pass. It was getting cold and dark as we came into the little abandoned mining town of Garfield (population: 25). We camped there for the night, making good use of all our blankets and surplus clothing.

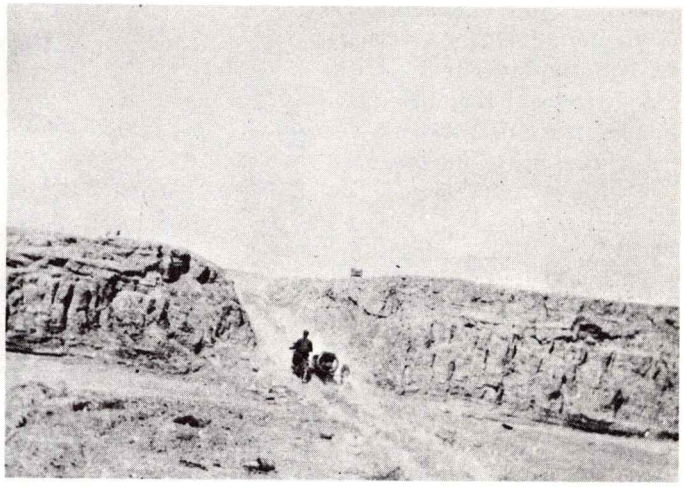
The next morning we climbed up to the summit which is also the Continental Divide (11,000 feet). When we at last came to the top, it seemed like the mountains had opened up before us just to let us through. One could see for miles and miles, and we wondered how -- or even if -- it was possible to ever get beyond all those peaks.

We made it into Gunnison over some good mountain roads, bought supplies, and rode out of town where we cooked our meal at a shady spot by the side of the road. The hot sandy country in the valley soon made us shed our sweaters. After a brief rest we started another climb up a steep and rocky road and we got caught in the usual afternoon shower which generally occurs about 4 p.m. We dropped down into the little town of Cimaroon where we camped for the night by a cool mountain stream alive with rainbow trout, some of which ended up as our supper. We liked this spot so well that we did not break camp for two days.

The road to Montrose was well kept (by convict labor). There we bought supplies again and talked with some of the Colorado Rangers who are using a fleet of H-D side car outfits in their patrol duties. They suggested we go south and take in the 'Switzerland of America' country, but not wishing to double back on our tracks, we headed for Grand Junction instead. We stayed the night there, having decided to tackle the Red Desert of eastern Utah the following day.

Mountain air makes one sleepy and we took advantage of it. We were to be in hot and flat country from here on for awhile, so we slept late. But we made good time into Mack, the last town in Colorado, where we filled our canteen and water bag. Then we started out to cross the hot sand and rough roads on our way to Green River, Utah, following an old abandoned railroad where, at times, we drove on what was left of the road bed. Bumping over ties and crossing washes, back upon the road bed and then down again, we managed to get to the state line mostly in low and second. I mentioned that some day people would be going 50 miles per hour through this





stretch. My partner said:"Just lay there in the sidecar and keep on dreaming."

We stopped in Cicso for gas and ate our lunch, the old stand-by consisting of cheese, crackers, and cool water from our desert bag. After lunch we were on our way again. The roads were getting better, but that isn't saying much for them. A series of cross washes every six feet or so made it necessary to use low and second a good deal of the time. Then we saw a storm approaching. We hit a gravel road out of Thompson for about 10 miles. If it had lasted the whole 37 miles, we would have made it to Green River in jig time. Instead the rain started.

I was always under the impression that it never rained on the desert. I've never seen it rain so hard. We were stranded and stuck tight in desert gumbo seven miles from town. With no sign of a break in the storm, we sat under the cover of the machine and waited. It was two hours later and getting dark before the rain stopped. We crawled out from under our shelter and looked around. Then we heard a car coming. It was a Chevrolet 490 and it sounded like it was going about 50 but it was hardly moving, slipping and sliding even with chains on all four wheels, and zig-zagging down what was left of the trail. When it stopped and the driver asked if we wanted a lift into town, we hesitated not. I think we made about a mile when we came to a small muddy wash. Stuck was no name for it. My partner decided to hike into town along the railroad tracks while I spent the night in the back seat of the car with the four other occupants.

The next morning I walked back to the machine (which now had a flat tire). I fixed it, got it started again, and made fairly good time into town after fording the wash. I found my partner in Green River and we rode out to a campground, set up the tent near the river under some trees and -- down came rain again. We were there for two days, fishing and waiting for the roads to dry out.

We had the same kind of roads into Price, Utah (where they had a $25 fine for camping in the only park in town). Now we were back in the mountains in the big mining district of Castle Gate. The next day we traversed the worst mountain road we had been on. The road crews (if you could call them that) had abandoned their work in the spring. Water ran down the inside track making it all the more difficult to proceed. When we reached Soldier Summit, we were told that there were two roads from Castle Gate and we had taken the wrong one. Ours led us to a dead end at an old abandoned mine. An old 'sourdough' was living there and he invited us to spend the night with him. There was a full moon that night, so we moved our cots outside the cabin where we all three sat around his old black coffee pot spinning tales that evening.

The following morning we bid our host goodbye and, following his directions, got back on the road to Provo. The main highway, a cinder road, was in good shape and passed through some mighty fine scenery. We passed through many deserted mining camps before we came into Provo where we struck our first paved street or road since leaving Garden City, Kansas.

In Provo we also had our first blow-out. Mud had caked under the rear guard and worn the tread down to nothing. Result: a blow-out just as we were entering the campgrounds. (One interesting thing was happening at the campgrounds. People had pulled the wheels off their Model T Fords and put them under the waterfall in an attempt to get the squeeks and rattles out of them. Wooden spokes will do that, and soaking them makes them swell and puts a stop to the noises.)

A quick tire change in the morning and we were soon rambling over a fine road into the land of the Mormons and the great Salt Lake. We spent several days in Salt Lake City, taking in such sights as the Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, and the great Salt Lake. I also found two of my old Army buddies and they showed us around, too.

Our luck on roads changed as we left Salt Lake City. It was a good road up through Ogden and Brigham and across the state line into Idaho. We were headed for Yellowstone Park. We stayed at Pocatello for the night and then took up through the hills over a steep and winding road. After two days and many detours we came to the west entrance to the park where we paid the $2.50 fee, sealed all our fire arms, and signed in.

Then we proceeded to see the wonders of the area. Coming into Madison Junction, we turned south and passed the Cascades, Upper and Lower Geyser Basins, and then to Old Faithful Geyser. We stopped and waited to see it shoot, then went up to the bear feeding grounds nearby. After several hours in this vicinity, we headed for Yel-

Gerberick (far left) and Kerle at the top of Mount Washburn in Yellowstone Park. At the right are two unidentified fellow cyclists, also with a sidecar rig from Washington, D. C.

lowstone Lake, crossing the Continental Divide twice within five miles. Arriving at the lake we met another Harley outfit from Washington, D.C. and, after the usual road acquaintance, the four of us were soon taking in the sights together. We all camped at the Lake Campgrounds that night. On awakening the next morning we found that a large elk had come down to our campfire to get warm. He was curled up at our feet.

For several days we explored Yellowstone. One day found us on the road to Mt. Washburn where few cars attempt the climb. Part of the road was torn up and very rocky, making it even more difficult. Anyone making this climb will agree that Mt. Washburn is tougher than Pikes Peak. But the view from the top is worth the time it takes to make the climb. A Peerless car was passed several times on the way up -- they would stop to let their engine cool or we would stop to take in the scenery. The driver remarked that our outfit didn't weigh as much as his, but we convinced him that comparing size and horsepower, we were pulling more weight than he was.

The gradual descent down to Tower Junction was made by using the two rear brakes alternately and with the engine in low to keep from pumping too much oil into the case.

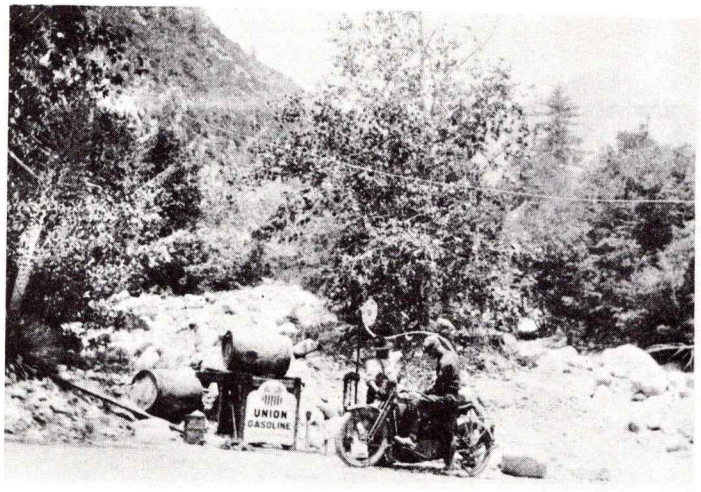
We stopped to see the Falls, then found a place to camp near the Petrified Trees. After building a big campfire (it was turning cold), we put a big feed under our belts and hit the hay with our feet to the fire. The next morning we had a strange experience. Another large elk had come over to the fire during the night and was laying beside us.

After a good breakfast (hot cakes and good old maple syrup from Vermont), we were on our way, stopping to see the Petrified Trees and then on to Mammouth Hot Springs. After four days, we went out of the North Entrance to Yellowstone at Gardiner, and then through some more fine country into Livingston, Montana. This was the destination of our friends from Washington, and they left us here.

Turning west again, we were alone on the road through Bozeman and Three Forks. We were invited to spend the night in the American Legion Hall at Boulder. Our back wheel was giving us a little trouble, but we decided to push on and try to make it into Helena. We got as far as a village named Jefferson. There we pulled into a field and camped. The following day we made the repairs and went to Helena where we stopped at a cycle shop for some supplies.

It was in Helena where we finally drew the line on staying at campgrounds. People were up at 4 a.m., tuning up their Fords to get an early start. We would leave at 9 or 10 in the morning, and pass them 50 miles down the road. Many people here told us we could not make it over Priests Pass (some called it Lookout Pass). It went in one ear and out the other; we let them do the worrying, not us. Now we were ready to tackle that 'awful hill'. This is where they get out and push the Fords over -- most of them backing up to get gas to the carbuerator. We went to the top in second, almost as if it was nothing to speak of.

We followed wonderful scenery from Drummond into Missoula. After a big feed (this life gives one a huge appetite), we enjoyed a band concert in the city square before we turned in. The next day was to be the real hill climb of the trip so far. Passing through the area where the big forest fires raged a couple of years ago, we were in baren country for miles. Then we passed through Saltese and, a few miles further, started up the Bitterroot Pass of the Camel's Hump. The sign at the side of the road said: "Fords, do your damnest!" It was a real climb all the way to the summit. On the way we met a man with a



team of horses. He had been helping pull cars over the last half-mile to the top all summer. It took all we had in low gear to make it. The wonder is that as many cars get as far as they do before getting a lift from old Dobbin.

We went through Mullan Pass and across the line (Montana and Idaho), then decended down a well-kept road through Mullan, Wallace and Kellogg (where it looked as though a flood had taken about half of the town away at one time. A few miles out of Kellogg we set camp near a creek with deep and clear water. We took a good sponge bath -- the water was too cold for bathing, then let the water bag stay in the stream all night.

Our next stop was to be Spokane. On the way we passed the beautiful Coeur D'Alene area where the scenery is hard to describe it is so beautiful. Crossing the state line of Idaho-Washington, we rode over a fine stretch of gravel into Spokane...covering a distance of about 18 miles in nothing flat (about a half an hour).

After two days in Spokane, we were on our way to Seattle. We made it from Spokane to Hartline, a distance of 84 miles, on a gallon and half of gas -- over some wild trails and partly chat roads. We went south to Soap Lake, crossing prairie-like country where there are a million jack rabbits. Then, suddenly the road comes to a sheer drop down to the Columbia River. The road winds down and down until it comes to the ferry at Vantage. On the ferry with us was a big Pierce Arrow. I got to talking to the gentleman and we admired each others outfits. He couldn't understand how we managed to get that far on just our machine. (I found out later I had been talking with Cornelius Vanderbilt.)

There were freshly graded roads (certainly no delight) into Ellensburg. From there we went through Cle Elum and started the steady climb to Snoqualmie Pass. We made it in high and were at the summit almost before we knew it. Going down the other side was different; many hair-pin curves and switchbacks. We were now among the giant pines and we stopped many times to see the many waterfalls. The fall at the small town of Snoqualmie is robbed of some of its scenic beauty by the dam being built there.

As we passed through apple country, we filled up on the delicious fruit which has made these parts famous. The sidecar came in handy for a few surplus. Fruit always tastes better when it comes right off the trees.

We camped in Kirkland and ferried across to Seattle the next morning. I didn't believe a town could have so many hills and steep streets. Dealers there must do a thriving business selling transmission parts. I located three more of my Army buddies in Seattle and with their aid we managed to see the town. The rainy season was about to set in, and we were advised to get going south or else we wouldn't make it before Spring. Instead we choose to go north; up to Blaine (the last town in Washington before crossing the border and the place from where the famous Three-Flag Runs always start). We crossed into Canada but did not tarry. We wanted to be able to say we had been there. We planned on going into Mexico, too, and that would make a three country ride out of it.

We returned to Seattle for a few more nights, then went on a short ride south to Tacoma (over some fine roads of oil or black top). We stayed to see the motorcycle races held there on Labor Day. The day before the race it kept up a steady drizzle until evening. Then about 6:30 in the evening, the sun broke through the clouds and into the clump of trees where we were camped. We could see Mt. Rainier off in the distance, sparkling like so many diamonds as its snow-capped peak was illuminated by the setting sun. It was one of the most beautiful sights of the entire trip.

From Tacoma we went south, passing Camp Lewis and into Olympia (where a drizzle spoiled the day for our camera). Between Centrailia and Chehalis we met some artillery and cavalry on a bike. Their column was headed by five H-D sidecar outfits.

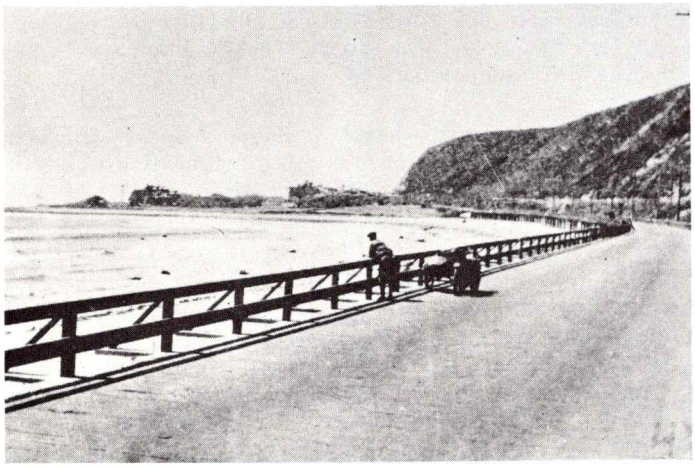
In Portland, Oregon (where we stayed a week) everybody was already making plans for a big celebration to be held in 1925. We made some interesting side trips out of Portland -- up the Columbia River on that famous highway and through the Mt. Hood country.

South of Portland between Corvallis and Junction City, we met up with our worse detour. The main highway was completed but not yet open (just our luck). The detour, composed of deep sand and crushed rock made for hard going. I think we saved the county some money by dragging the road for a distance of 30 miles with the sidecar frame. We came off the detour and onto a good stretch of roads for the 14 miles on into Eugene. We camped there for the night and surveyed any damage.

Stopped for road construction in Oregon.

Leaving Eugene, we passed through some great fruit country all the way to Roseburg. Many different kinds of fruit found their way into the sidecar. (It is a well-known fact that if you do not buy it, it will always taste better.) There was some wonderful country to see and natural roads to Grants Pass where we hit an asphalt road all the way to the California state line. North of Grants Pass we were held up for an hour and a half on account of construction and blasting. The road (if any) was narrow and only one-way traffic. It was under controls of two hours each way. If you missed your turn, you were stuck for two hours. This gave the workers time to work without being stopped by traffic. While we waited we hiked up the hills and discovered they were thick with blackberry bushes. We filled our mess kits and a folding bucket thinking they would go well with cream and sugar for supper.

We had supper near the little town of Hornbrook. This is a division point on the railroad, so we were kept awake nearly half the night with the constant switching of trains. It takes as many as seven engines to pull a train over the 'hump' between here and Ashland to the north... three in front, one in the middle, and three more behind.



Rest stop on Coast Highway near Santa Barbara.

I told my partner that if we couldn't sleep we might as well go up and help them do the switching. He worked for the Santa Fe before we left home, but he didn't seem interested. He went back to sleep. I guess I'm a nut about railroads because I got dressed and took off for the yards. I talked with some of the railroad men and they told me that if an engineer can take a freight down this grade, he can work on any road in the country. I wouldn't doubt it.

Leaving Hornbrook in the morning we passed through Yreka and then the snow-covered peak of Mt. Shasta loomed up before us. The closer we got, the further away it seemed. The road was bad until we came to the picturesque towns of Shasta Springs and Dunamuir. They are built into the mountainside and this is where people go upstairs to get into their cellar. We ate at Dunamuir then circled around until we found a clearing. We pulled in and pitched camp. My partner remarked: "I wonder what a good old bed with one of those things they call a mattress would feel like." I told him: "Cheer up, when we get to Los Angeles, we will camp in a room and eat off china plates." He was ready to take off right then.

From here we had fair mountain roads and some wonderful scenery. But I kept looking for the endless chain of paved roads that California is famous for. We passed over roads that went from bad to worse... riding the bed of a creek for miles. At Red Bluff we hit gravel and oil roads and soon made good time into Chico (where we stayed the night). The next day we visited the Diamond Match factory. When I asked what kept the place from burning down, they told me it had -- several times. At a a nearby orchard we got our fill of prunes -- having mistaken them for plums. Never again -- and that's enough said.

Leaving Chico we headed for Sacramento over a road that was almost straight for 108 miles. Three days in Sacramento and we went on to the bay area. In Oakland we used the facilities of the H-D shop and cleaned the carbon and ground the valves for the first time since leaving home. We spent two weeks in the San Francisco area, visiting old Army buddies and seeing the place. Then we spent another week in San Jose where we visited friends. Leaving here we rode over a good stretch of paved highway, the engine purring along after an overhaul. We were sitting pretty and enjoying every minute of our ride. The road was just opened to the public and I think perhaps we dedicated it.

Our route took us through Salinas, King City, Paso Robles, and San Luis Obispo where we stopped at El Pismo Beach for the night. The next day found us in our swimming suits hunting for clams and making good use of the beach and ocean. The following day we went on to Santa Barbara (which I believe is the only place in the world where they pump oil out of the ocean). We passed through Ventura and Hollywood into Los Angeles.

We arrived here during the first week in October, having been on the road a little over two months. We thought it was pretty good time considering that we were in no hurry and had encountered so many ghastly roads. The extent of our troubles up to now was: two broken control wires, a stuck exhaust valve, three punctures (still had the original air in the front tire), one blow-out, and a broken mudguard brace. We bought one new tire in Utah on the way -- due to our carelessness in the mud.

We spent many months in California, seeing all the sights and going a great many places. On several occasions we returned to northern California to see other cities or visit friends.

One of our early trips was to San Diego. En route we stopped at Santa Ana (famous for its speed laws) and San Juan Capistrano where they have the famous hill climbs. While in San Diego we decided to take the ferry across the bay to Coronado Island, then we went down the peninsule and crossed the border into Mexico, thus completing our "Three Flag Run".

A lot could be written about Tia Juana. It is a dirty little town but in time to come it may come to life and be a bustling community and a town known all across our country. Everybody looks suspicious and creepy there. About 25 buildings make up the town and about 24 of those are saloons. Along the main street the cars back in to what would be curbing, but instead it is a trench filled with water and muck. The wheels sink into this mire and for $2.00 they will pull you out.

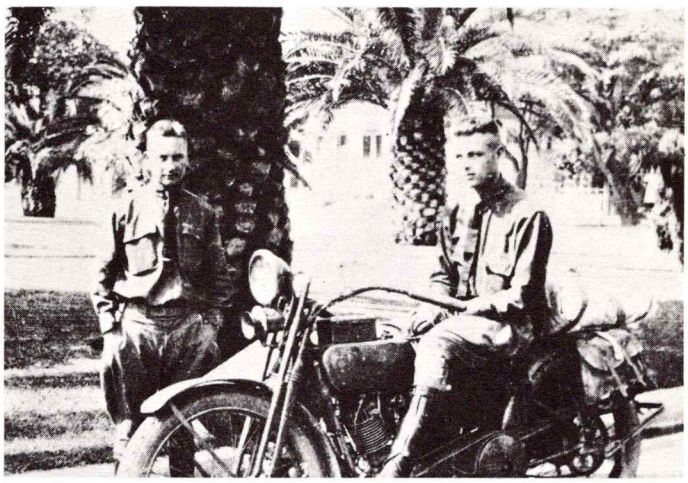
We spent two days here before journeying back to San Diego and on to Los Angeles. Among other trips, we watched them making movies at the Mack Sennet Studio, took the boat to Catalina Island, and made several trips to visit friends in San Bernardino. We took many trips into the mountains, visiting the Little and the Big Bear Valleys and Lakes. ("Little Bear Lake" recently was renamed Lake Arrowhead.)

Several times we crossed the famous Ridge Route between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. This road has 698 curves in 29 miles, but also has a straight stretch of 30 miles without a curve after it leaves the hills. The grade on this flat stretch is so gradual going south toward Los Angeles that many a car will steam up without the driver knowing the cause. We lost momentum and used second gear some times for a fresh start. Going into Fresno we hit 72 miles of freshly oiled road. When we reached town we stopped at a filling station and used a gallon of gas washing the machine and ourselves.

Returning that time we were lucky in getting back to Los Angeles just in time to escape a big snow which blockaded all the mountain passes. It was the heaviest snowfall in the history of California. The weather during our stay -- from October 1921 to July 1922 -- was the worst in 30 years. We almost froze one night going from Long Beach to L.A. (Los Angeles) in June. About half way at Compton, we stopped and ran up and down the road to get warm. Upon entering L. A. on south Main street, we found the gutters were frozen with water from the flushing wagons on the street department. One evening in February it snowed -- honest to goodness snow! And in Colton (where a sign says frost and fog is unknown) the fog was so heavy you could cut out hunks of it. One summer morning we decided to take in the beach. Generally around 10 a.m. the weather breaks, but it was cold and no one was in bathing. The damp salt air penetrated our clothes so we decided: "Let's get back to a country where they have seasons you can depend upon."

We took one last look at Los Angeles before going back to San Bernardino where we prepared for the trip east and home. We gave the machine the once over, cleaning carbon, grinding valves, packing all the wheels. We put in a new front chain and sprocket, and took along any spare parts we thought we might need. Also we looked over the tires (the front one still had Topeka air in it).

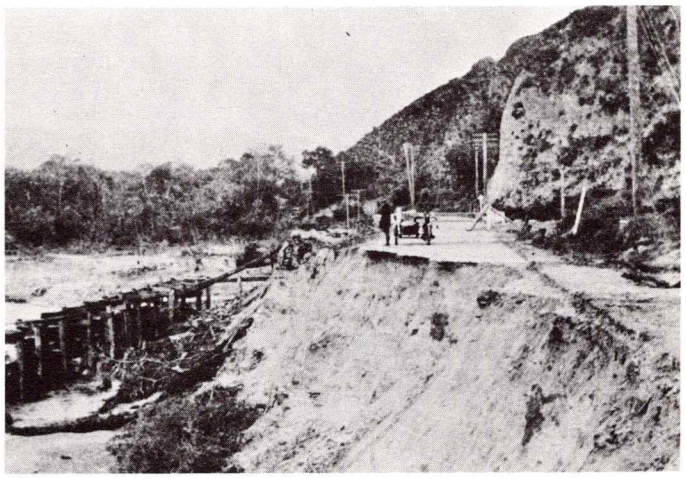
Kerle (standing) and Gerberick in Los Angeles of 1921.



We left San Bernardino on the 2nd of July, 1922, and rode up through Cajon Pass over a black top road to the summit. There we talked with a couple of tourists who had started out from Indiana in a new Buick. But they ran out of money and kept trading cars until they reached here with nothing but an old stripped down Model T. They were broke, hungry, and out of gas. We wished them luck and hurried on, going through a little town of Hesperia. When the new gravel road is completed from Victorville to the summit, no one will ever know that Hesperia is stuck out there on the desert.

We stayed over for the big Fourth of July Rodeo in Victorville. We parked right behind an old Overland and one of the wild horses got loose and crashed right into the car. Our front fender got treated a little rough, but we straightened it out.

When we got to Barstow it was 110 degrees, but the people there said it was a cool day. We beat it to Dagget and Newberry Springs, a welcome oasis on that desert. We rested there and thought we would wait until dark and



Santa Ana Canyon road was washed out west of Corona.

Downtown Barstow (California) as it looked in 1922.

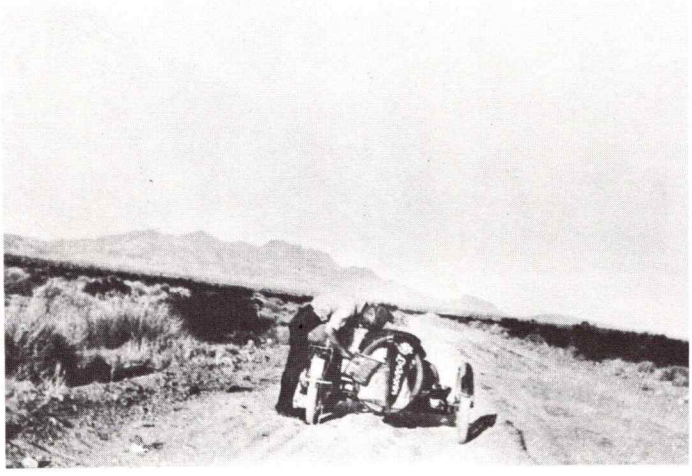
try riding when it wasn't so hot. The old asphalt road to Ludlow had been put down some years ago as an experiment, and it was lousy with chuckholes. Part of the road went over some old lava beds. There we met a fellow with an old steamer. He was laying in the sand working on it, and said the trouble was because of the damn alkalie water he had been using. Not knowing anything about a motorcycle, he asked if we had had the same trouble. After I explained that our type of engine did not require water, he wanted to trade right away -- as is. We turned him down and, since we could be of no assistance, we journeyed on.

About five miles beyond Ludlow we pulled over to the side of the road and made our bunk in the sand (we had discarded our cots in Los Angeles for the return trip). With the sky for our roof and a big moon shining in all its glory, what could be nicer? Then my partner mentioned rattlesankes. We got up, secured a rope from the sidecar and made a circle around our bed with it. Later on when we related this to a native, he laughed and said: "Boys, you should of known that the rope has to be horse-hair. Cause snakes are afraid of horses." That was when we got scared.

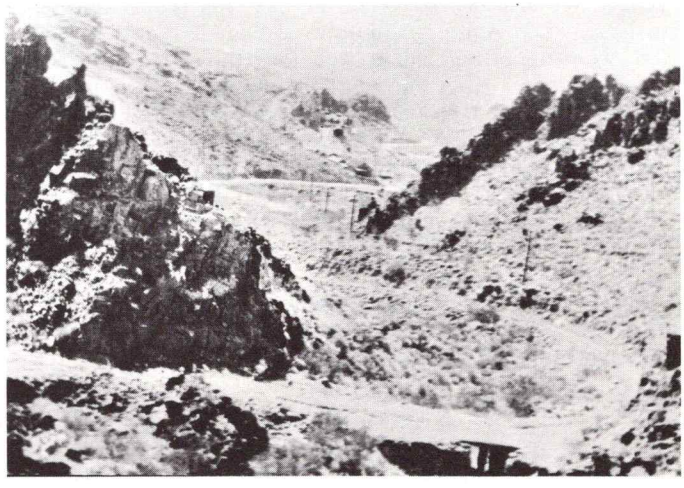
I always thought that the desert was just a flat stretch of country, but as we traveled on and on through the sand hills and small mountains, I became convinced I was wrong. A junk man could make a good living (if not a small fortune) just by going along this route and picking up all the old tires, tubes, and automobile parts laying along the side of the road. But we were enjoying the ride and the country when what happened but a broken rear chain. The problem with all that sand was in finding it. We got down on all fours and sifted about a block of sand before I finally stepped on it (having taken off my shoes earlier). It was a new chain and we hadn't expected any trouble. But after washing a new link off with gas and putting oil on it, we fixed it and were on our way again. But now we were worried about the chances of getting stranded miles from nowhere.

Needles, on the border of California and Arizona, is about the hottest place in the country except for Death Valley. It was 120 degrees when we went through and was so hot that you could not get up a sweat. I didn't understand why the natives had not dried up and blown away. From here we crossed the Colorado River where we had a choice of two routes into Kingman. We were told that we couldn't make it with our outfit through the pass into Oatman. Being stubborn jackasses, we took that way. It turned out kind of rough but we had been on worse roads so we did not mind.

Before we got to Kingman we stopped at an abandoned town thinking maybe there might be a straggler or two still there. We noticed a sign "Miner's Cafe" and took a look through the window (which was broken). It looked like a brawl had taken place. Everything was broken. Across the road was another sign so we tried again. Seeing no signs of life, we knocked on the door anyhow, and a little girl peeked out and asked our wants. She said it wasn't a store, they were just living there. She asked where we were from and where we were going. Then somebody inside called to her. In a moment she was back. It was her Mother inside. She was sick and broke and wondered if we could help them in any way. Her father had deserted them out there. She gave us an address of relatives in Kansas City and asked that we tell them to send aid right away. After giving them all the food we had in the sidecar, we promised to get word as soon as we could and left without inspecting any more deserted places.



On the Mojave Desert near Needles.



In 1922 this was the major highway through Arizona.

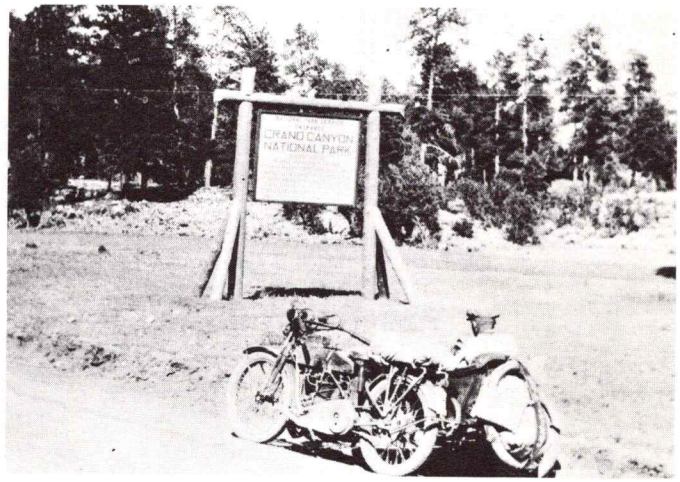
Coming into Peach Springs, Arizona, we noticed smoke and saw a cabin on fire. There was no one around, so we rode over to see if we could be of assistance. It turned out that it wasn't the shack burning, but a bunk which was out in the yard. There was water in a barrel near the shack, so we got out our folding bucket and emptied the barrel in putting out the fire. Then it struck us. With no well around, that barrel of water had been more valuable than the bunk. We made a hasty retreat back to the road before the owner returned, and rode off having second thoughts about our good deed.

Just before we entered Seligman, Arizona, we were flagged down by a very excited man. He and his partner had come out to prospect and they sank all their savings into equipment. Being unsuccessful, his partner had left him stranded. Now he know he had a sure strike up in the hills. He had built a rock monument on his claim. If we would just take him back to his claim and one of us stay there to watch it while the other one took him into town to file and register his claim, he would give us half of what he got out of it. Well, our mother's didn't raise any dumbells, so we thanked him, rode on into town, and found a campground. There we related our experience to an Army Captain. He just laughed and said he had been approached with the same deal as had nearly everybody in the camp. All had turned him down. Word had spread that one had gone up in the hills with him and never returned. The motive -- robbery, no doubt.

We rode through mountain country to Williams, leaving the hot desert behind for awhile. There we went north to Main Station. We made it in remarkably short time, over a good road which looked just like it had been painted with red paint. We camped at Main Station and rode on to the Grand Canyon the following day. Here we met a couple of touring cyclists from Virginia. They were headed for Los Angeles and then north to Seattle and then east to Yellowstone Park and on home. It was practically the same route we had come over, so we gave them all the information we could -- good and bad.

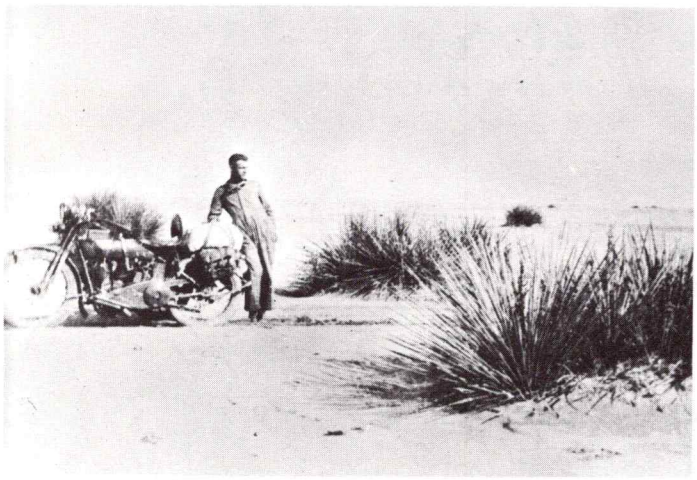
The road leading to the Grand Canyon was nothing but a trail and I imagine a rider on a solo machine would have trouble making it. We would ride from one side of the trail to the other but it made no difference on this monstrosity. Each mile seemed like ten. It was the longest 75 miles I ever traveled. The scenery was what we were

At the entrance to the Grand Canyon.

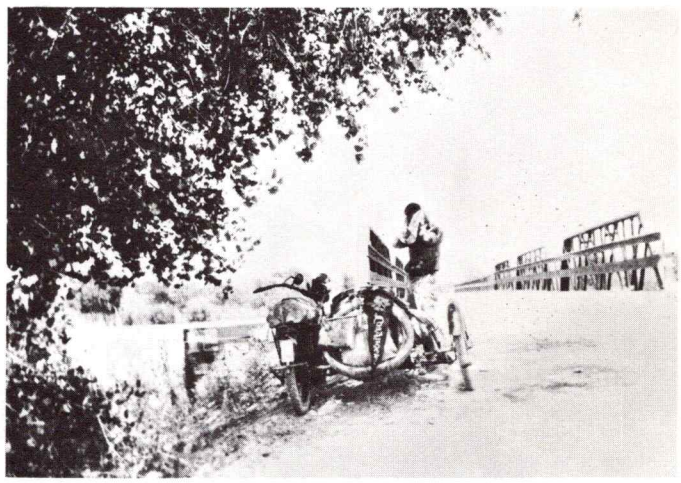


after. We kept looking for the big ditch but didn't see it until all of a sudden we all but ran over the edge. We stayed at the Canyon for four days, taking in all the wonders. Only one thing did we fail to do, and that was to go down into the Canyon on a mule. I might consider riding a light weight machine down the Bright Angel Trail -- but not a mule.

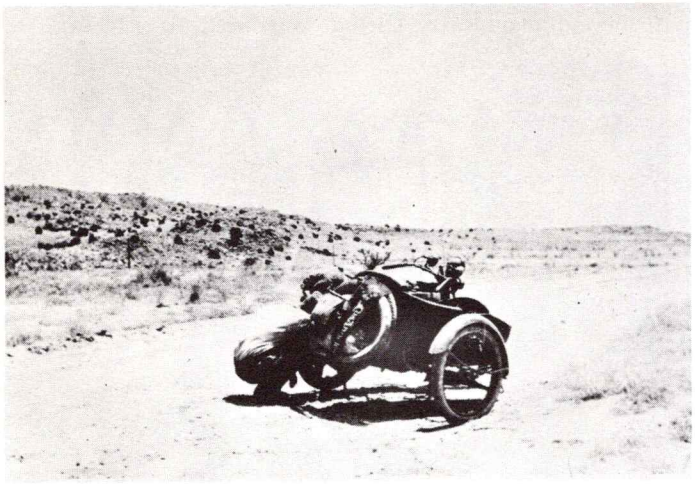
On our return we headed south to the main highway and then to Flagstaff and east over a fine stretch of road. But from Diablo Canyon to Winslow was nothing but rocks. We stopped there for the night and camped with two more cycle tourists from Des Moines, Iowa. The discussion was on road conditions that evening and we discovered we had a mighty bad detour ahead of us in the morning. The main road from Winslow to Holbrook was under construction so we had 35 miles of detour. At Holbrook the road forks, one goes northeast through Gallup while the other goes southeast through the Petrified Forest and on to Socorro. This is the longer route but we had heard it was the better road and had the best scenery. That is the way we went, stopping to see the Petrified Forest then on to St. John and Springerville. We ran a race with a storm (again) and pulled into Springerville just in time. Later, just before crossing into New Mexico, we ran another race with a storm. One of the natives told us of a 30-mile short cut up a dry wash through the Los Pinos



Gerberick surveys a stretch of sandy Arizona road.



They bathed in a stream new Socorro, New Mexico.



Kerle fixes a flat tire in New Mexico.

Entering a 1920-type motel in Clovis, New Mexico.

Mountains. Being brutes for punishment, we took his word and followed the wash only to run into rain about a mile from the village of Scholle. As we emerged from the wash, it became a raging torrent. It was almost bye-bye motorcycle and, maybe, a couple of tourists.

Magdalena is almost 300 miles from Holbrook and there is no railroad so everything has to be hauled in -- which explains why gas costs 50¢ a gallon. Being off the railroad makes this country more interesting and it is overrun with Prairie Dogs. At Magdalena, we were held up for a day waiting for a tire (we had wired to Albuquerque for one). The motorcycle tourist should go well supplied with tires through this country.

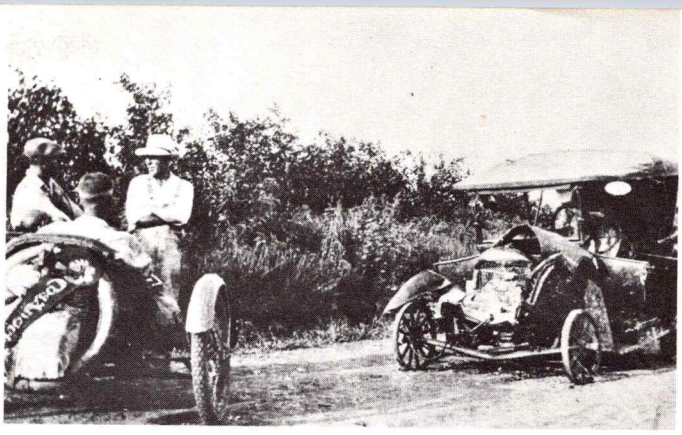
With good tires all around once more, we rode on to Socorro. Here we left the Old National trail intending to take a short cut through the panhandle of Texas. Leaving Socorro we headed through some barren country and stopped at a little adobe village on account of a sudden shower. Here we were refused water for our canteens by a Mexican army officer. Not looking for a fight, we retreated hastily. We again seemed to be in civilization when we reached Vaughn Station. From Vaughn we rode over another 75 miles of rocks to Ft. Sumner and then to Clovis. I believe it is the most nerve-wracking road this side of hell. As we crept along at 15 miles per hour, a Dodge touring car passed us at about 25. It seemed as if it was flying; at intervals all four wheels were off the ground at the same time.

Upon arriving at Clovis what should we see but that same Dodge. I never saw such a wreck. Three tires flat, frame broken, radiator boiling. Yet, in the morning when we emerged from our slumber, we found the sidehack and the bike leaning on each other like a couple of inebriated bums. So, even with our slow ride, we experienced damage...and we stayed in Clovis for two days to get the sidecar frame welded and a blown-out tire vulcanized.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
Amarillo
12¾ MILES FROM HERE
Amarillo, a city of 16,000 people, had only 1142 people in 1900 and has grown faster in 22 years than Brownsville, Cleburne, Paris, Sherman and Temple, which had four times the population of Amarillo in 1900
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
United States Tires
Are Good Tires

Royal Gerberick catches up on his reading in Texas.

Oklahoma detour led through "corn fields."



An abandoned automobile on a Kansas road.

At Clovis we left New Mexico, a state where the residents would faint if they saw a stretch of concrete road 10 miles long. We rode to Amarillo where we stayed two days visiting friends who worked for the Santa Fe railroad. From here we found ourselves riding the hard plain roads of Texas to the Oklahoma line. The winds here can blow you right off the street on one side, yet on the other side it is calm.

There was a ferry across the Canadian River in Oklahoma previously, but the new toll bridge is where we crossed. Oklahoma is another state where a few good roads (or even fair ones) would be appreciated. East of Oklahoma City is a road called the 'Air Line' and about the only way this highway can be conquered is by air. We were in the air most of the time, bouncing and fighting the weeds grown high on both sides. Once we ended up in a corn patch on a detour. Perhaps that is how we happened to go through Boley, Oklahoma.

Boley is off the main highway east of Prague. Here we were refused air for our rear tire, and as we entered the little town, we saw a sign reading "White man, don't let the sun set on your head in Boley."

Later in Okemah we were told the story. Slaves freed by Lincoln migrated to Boley and for many years survived. In 1920 it began to stagnate. The town started to get the run-down look of any town where the young leave and the old slowly die off. Segregation is total in Boley and the winds blow through quiet dilapidated streets. The racial aspects of the town of 600 negros was the reason the main highway by-passed it. Two railroads pass through Boley but they hardly ever stop. A Back-to-Africa movement swept the place a few years ago and some even went back, but all eventually returned.

Our next stop was Okmulgee where we called on friends. Early one Sunday morning with a party of two sidecar outfits, we headed for Tulsa -- only to meet three more outfits from Muskogee half way there. A solo Henderson led us a merry chase after he joined us near Tulsa.

This part of the state is more up to date on roads. Arriving in Tulsa we looked over the town then went out to Sand Springs, a pleasure resort, for a swim in the lake there. With a big feed under our belts, we bid our friends and fellow riders a goodbye and started on the last long leg of our journey.

We went through Collinsville and Nowata and then across the line into Kansas at Coffeyville. Here we visited the places where the Dalton Gang ran wild at the turn of the century, then stopped to visit with friends who live here. Having been invited to supper, a nice meal was laid out before us when suddenly there was a terrific explosion. The whole house shook and our host ran out and shut off the gas. Then he ran out and hitched up the horse (yes, we are still in the horse and buggy days) and we all went to town. Nearly all the windows on main street were broken. The explosion had happened in the storage magazine of a nitroglycerin refinery east of town. It is hauled in gallon cans suspended between the springs of a flat-bed wagon. The wagon was gone and the team of horses that had been pulling it were blown right out of their hooves. The eight hooves were still there in place on the road. Yet the window in a shack not more than 100 feet away was not broken. It was a real believe-it-or-not.

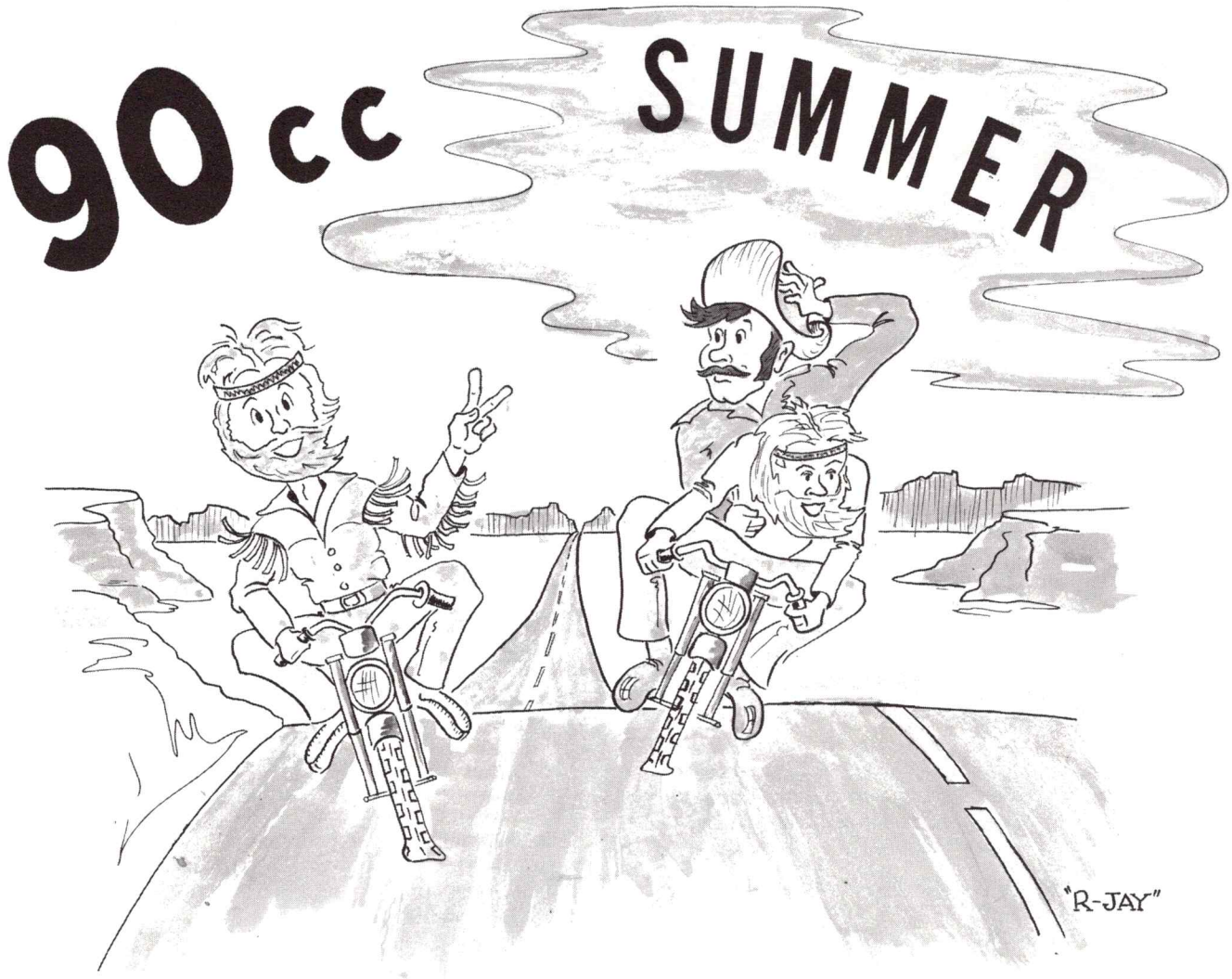
Lawrence, Kansas, is only 30 miles from our final destination, Topeka. And it was here that a near calamity overtook us. Pulling up to the curb at a garage for gas, the owner tried to put a two-inch hose in a one-inch hole of the tank. The engine was hot (it was over 100 degrees) and we had been riding hard the last few miles since we had decided we would get back in just one year to the hour from the time we left. He yanked the hose and there was a big splash, then a flash. Flames shot up everywhere - including on me sitting on the cycle. I had a lapful of fire. I jumped. The owner ran. My partner and I grabbed coats and coveralls and anything else we could get our hands on and smothered the flames. The owner called the Fire Department, but we had the fire out by then. After that he came back with a funnel and a can of gas. "This gas is on me," he said.

The machine wasn't badly damaged, so we started out on the final 29 miles -- ran into a shower on a detour. (They started paving this stretch of road in 1919 and two years later we still run into a detour.) Pulling off the dirt road, we waited under a tree, then proceeded -- slipping and sliding until we reached concrete about 15 miles from Topeka. Hot, tired and dirty, we topped a hill and there was Topeka. The shower had cooled things off and washed down the pavement. I had forgotten how many shade trees line the streets. We went directly to the Harley-Davidson dealer and made our last stop....just one hour over our alloted time of one year to the day. If it hadn't been for waiting out that last rain shower, we could have made it on time.

Arriving home, nearly broke, dirty, tired, but still enthusiastic, we had baths and laid down to rest. If I live to be a hundred years old, I thought, I will always remember this trip as the high light of my life. In years to come --when the same part of the country is built up and modernized, - who knows. Maybe all those same roads will be paved. But that, I suppose, is just a dream. I have another dream. I expect to follow in my own footsteps and repeat the route as close as possible one of these days. A dream, but it may materialize.

To you, "Adios". To us, "Hasta la vista." [RR]

[CARTOONS BY R-JAY]



CROSS COUNTRY, ANYBODY?

ON 90 CC'S?

OR PACKING DOUBLE, MAYBE?

ON A 125?

relax...it's already been done

and RICHARD KARL tells how it went.

Well, first off -- it took us two days to get out of California.

That's not what you'd call rapid -- especially since we left from San Diego and headed straight East. But what the heck; we'd worked all Winter so we had a little money and a whole Summer free, so who cared if we never set any records. Jeff Rust and Tommy Ferguson, two partners of mine, were riding double on a little Yamaha 125, and I was on my trusty Honda 90. Not exactly "power bikes" or anything, but they were what we had, so that's what we rode. At the ripe old age of nineteen, I was the old man of the group, Jeff was eighteen and Tommy was seventeen -- just out of school.

We'd managed to cram all our sleeping bags and blankets and stuff into two small carrying bags on Jeff's Yamaha, and then we'd got this big wicker picnic basket, you know, with handles and everything, and strapped it to the back seat of the Honda. It wasn't beautiful but it worked. We took fishing gear along too. We devised a real good way to strap the poles to the side of the bikes with wire. Then every once in a while if we stopped by a river or something, we'd go fishing.

We found out right away that going uphill left a lot to be desired on the little bikes. Up in the Cleveland Forest, going over one of the summit passes in there, we didn't know whether or not they could make it. We finally just stuck them in first gear and pulled way over to the right side of the road and chugged up the mountain at about five miles an hour. And that's the way we climbed hills from then on.

And another thing we learned early in the trip was that you have to stop about every two hours or so to let the little motors cool off. Because like if you don't, they

overheat real easy and seize up. So that was how we traveled. Real slow. Putt-putting along. Stopping often and mostly not worrying about the time. We probably averaged about fifteen miles an hour or something, and about 95 to 100 miles a day. But we saw a lot of country.

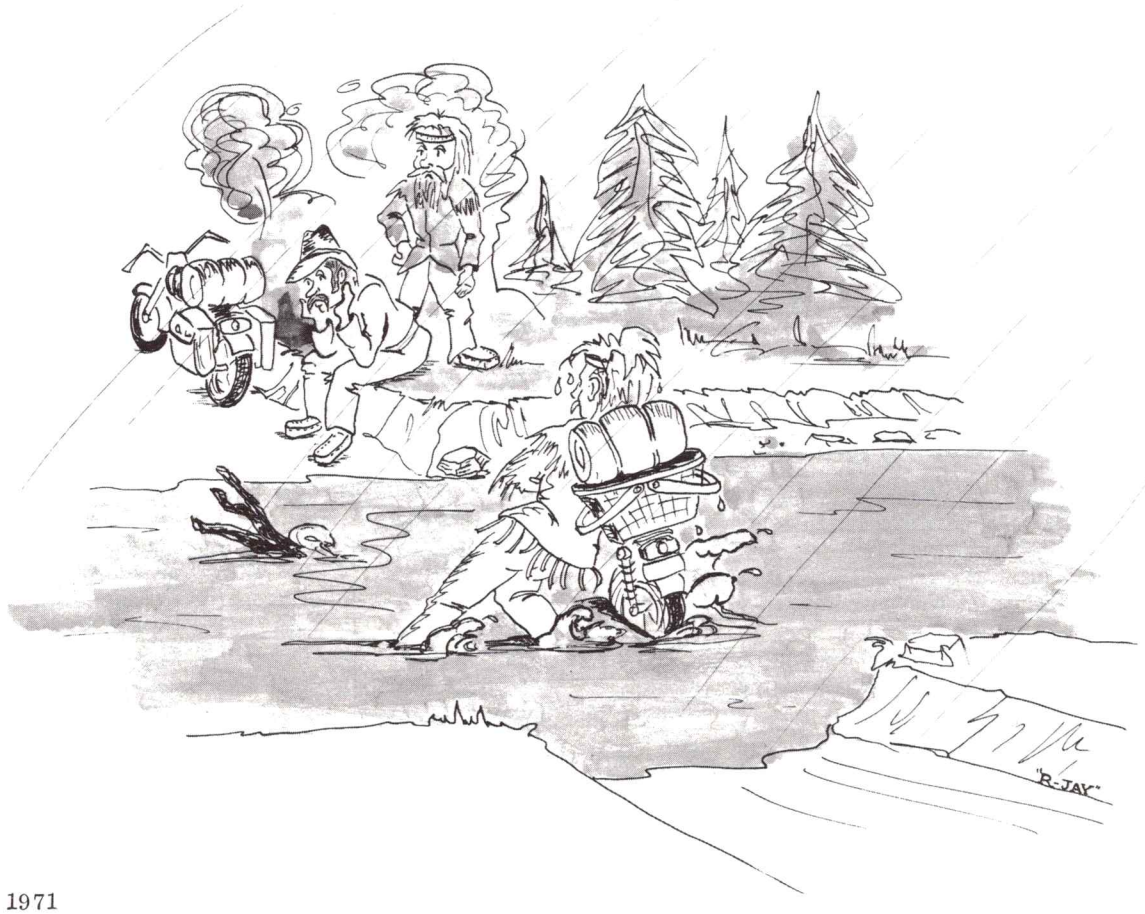
We spent a lot of time exploring, you know. Like we messed around about two days at Meteor Crater in Arizona where this giant meteor struck the earth and made this mammoth hole. Tommy said he wanted to hike down to the bottom -- there's a trail. But Jeff said he was crazy, and so he stayed up in the museum they have there. Jeff isn't what you'd call the physical type. As long as he's got wheels under him he'll go anywhere, but when it comes to walking a long distance or climbing around -- forget it! So Tommy and I went down in there and poked around in the rocks. Tommy found some fool's gold at the bottom -- he thought it was the real thing and wanted to stake a claim, but I talked him out of it.

Our long hair and beards got us some weird looks a couple of times, but mostly we could walk in any place and people didn't care. But then in this town called Show Low, Arizona, we went into this place where there was a bunch of these old guys -- like construction workers or something -- with their beer mugs and everything, sitting around. And this one guy looks over and says: "Hey look at those long-hair dudes", and they laughed and started making wise-cracks. It was just like that scene in "Easy Rider" -- except this was real! And my friend Jeff was sitting there saying: "Just be cool, you guys, don't say a word," you know. So we just sat there quietly drinking the cokes and then we got up and left. Can't you just see that? Here we were -- the stereotyped long haired hippies, with the stereotyped hard-hats bad-mouthing us -- almost exactly like "Easy Rider". Then we went out. Just like the movie, except instead of some big power chopper or something, we got on the Yamaha and the Honda 90 and rode out of town. It was pretty funny...later.

Camping was easy -- most of the time anyway. Especially out in the desert. What we did was just head off on some side road when we got tired. And when we got far enough from the main road we'd just crash. In the more populated areas, though, we had to hunt up campgrounds. And a couple of times, like when we needed to wash our clothes or something, we'd get a motel room. We had two changes of clothes with us, but sleeping out in the desert kept us pretty grubby. Then Tommy lost a pair of pants somewhere around Winslow -- in the laundromat probably. Somebody took them out of the dryer and kept them, I guess. Anyway, after that it seemed like we were stopping at laundromats about every third day.

We were pretty well into the procedure by this time. The days were going by one by one, with us just grooving along enjoying everything. If we saw an interesting road, we'd take off on it to see where it went. Of course we had to stay off the freeways. Like, most states have minimum horsepower rules and my 90 didn't qualify in any of them. So we stayed out in the boonies most of the time. Once in New Mexico, we couldn't figure out how to get around this one freeway, so we took a chance. We got about three miles before the New Mexico Patrol stopped us. It cost me $25.00. That's about eight dollars a mile! After that we stayed away from the freeways.

Sometimes we'd completely lose our sense of direction and get lost trying to find a way around the big express-



ways. It's amazing how hard it is to get from point to point without using them. We had to go way out of our way sometimes. Like in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Tulsa has at least three freeways coming into it, and other than that you only have maybe one or two really far out roads that eventually run into bigger roads that go into Tulsa. And so right outside of Tulsa we got lost, and we were running around searching for a road, and it was foggy and everything. We finally gave up and found this little dirt road, so we just started following it. You know, we figured we'd eventually end up SOME place. And we did -- three hours later we ended up in Tulsa. I still don't know how.

Altogether it was a really weird trip -- especially through New Mexico, the "Land of Enchantment" -- where it was raining twenty-four hours a day, and we had to ride through mud clear up to here. It got so bad that we were paddling with our feet in a couple of places. Right before the New Mexico-Texas border, there was this wash where the water was really roaring down. It was so deep that it washed up into my electrics and stalled my bike about halfway across. So there we were pushing the bikes through this flooded wash and we were soaked and cold and really miserable. It was the low point of the trip. We almost gave up right then. We almost lost the spirit of the whole thing.

But we had to get someplace--we couldn't stay out there. And so when the Honda wouldn't start we just kept walking, pushing the bikes. Jeff, being a good sport, could have ridden, but he and Tommy walked along with me. We went about three or four miles that way, and finally got to this little town where they had these cabins. The sign said: "Rooms to Let", so we "letted" one and dried out. By morning the sun was out again, and everything was really fantastic. It was so beautiful that it sort of revived us and we started feeling better. I think if we'd had another day like that one, we probably would have given up on the whole thing.

The panhandle in Texas is the most boring stretch I have ever driven on anywhere in my life. That area has just got to be the most boring area in the world. Desolate. You just go miles and miles and miles with nothing to see except the same old dull scenery. It's all plains. Nothing of interest at all. It took us like about two days to get across there, because we were stopping every ten or fifteen miles to cool off -- it was about a million degrees. That's the only time I ever came close to going to sleep on a mototcycle.

As we got farther away from good old liberal California, we got more and more uptight looks from people. You know, a lot of people think that people with long hair are either (A) definitely on drugs, or (B) just inherently bad -- you know -- just looking around for a protest to happen or something. Strangely enough, the place where the people treated us the best was in Arkansas. We could walk down the sidewalk with our long hair and everything and say "Hi" to the people, and they'd say "Hi" back. Even older people. And nobody gave us dirty looks or anything just because we had long hair and beards and were wearing jeans.

We stayed in Clarksville, Arkansas, for about a week or so visiting my relatives -- renewing old acquaintances. Then Jeff said he'd like to see some of his own relatives, so we packed up and headed up into Missouri. We were

going along on the way and all of the sudden my Honda started puffing out this big cloud of white smoke. We stopped and I let it cool off and put some oil in it and we started off again. We went about twenty more miles and clunk! Just like that -- it blew up. Everything: piston, clutch, rings, valves -- everything just blew out of it. The little 90 just got tired I guess. And it is nearly impossible to find parts for a Honda in Missouri. Luckily in a town about thirty miles away they had most of the stuff we needed -- $85.00 worth. They came out and picked the bike up and so we stayed there for a couple of days until the bike was fixed. Then we went on.

Up near the Meramac Caverns State Park in Missouri there's this campground. So we stayed there. And we were all sacked out and everything, and then about midnight -- something jumped on me! And about then Tommy let out a yell. And what it was, was these FROGS! Big giant frogs like they have down South. And they were jumping all over us! We couldn't get out of our sleeping bags because of the mosquitoes, so we just had to lay there and let them jump up and down on us. What can you do? We just layed there and they finally went away in about two hours.

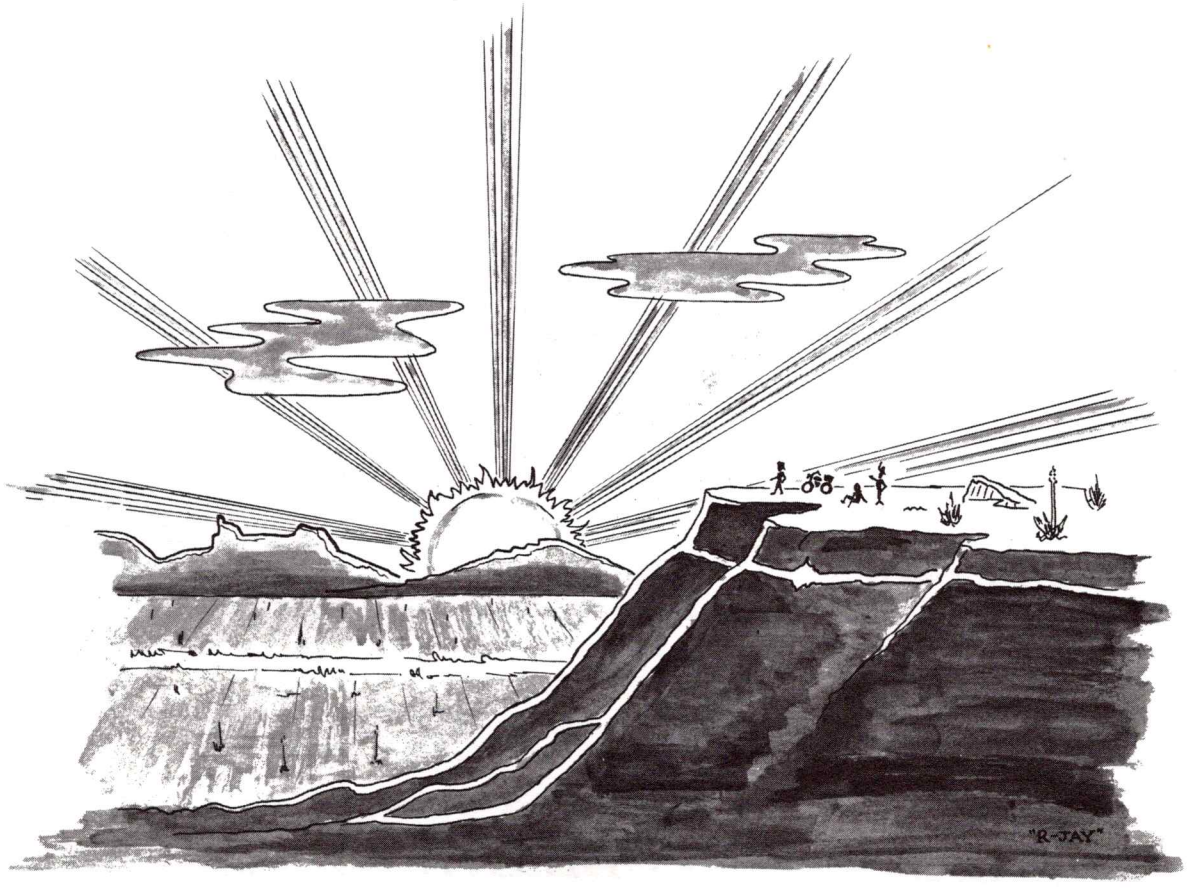
By this time it was getting about the middle of August, so we had to turn around and head for home. Strangely enough, the trip home went pretty easy. One night on our way back through northern New Mexico, up above Albuquerque, we really got a treat. It was just before sunset, and we were really off by ourselves -- away from everybody. So right before dark there was this big red butte like they have there, off to our right. It went up pretty high, so we decided to climb up there and stay on top overnight. I don't know why, we just did. So we climbed up there and rolled our sleeping bags out and everything and then the sun went down. It was fantastic! Right before it hit the horizon, the sun kind of stretched out and split into two narrow bands -- it wasn't round at all. We'd never seen anything like it. It looked almost like a hydrogen bomb or something. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

Anyhow that was about it. We got back into San Diego on the 14th of September, just in time to find a job. Everybody thought we were crazy. The Honda dealer in San Diego asked me how come we'd done it on the little bikes. He told us he'd never even attempt more than about two hundred miles on a bike that small.

Well -- mostly it was because they were what we had, you know. But also there was something to just riding along on the small bikes -- you get sort of a feeling of being near to nature, that sort of thing. Maybe it's even more so then on a bigger bike because of the slower speed, and the stopping a lot and everything. I think you see more that way. And then -- the larger the bike, the smaller the gas mileage. We didn't have all that much money, you know. Part of the challenge was to ride the little bikes, too. A Honda 90, like I said, is not exactly what you would call a power bike. There were some places up near Flagstaff where we weren't sure we were going to make it up the hill even in low gear!

But the beauty of it was that we had enough time to go slow and enjoy it. No rushing, no deadlines or anything. If I could do it again that way -- you know with the whole Summer free like that -- I wouldn't hesitate a minute, I'd take off. But I have to be honest -- I think next time I'd want a bigger bike. Something that had some power and speed and everything.

Like maybe a 175, you know? [RR]



POSTERS!

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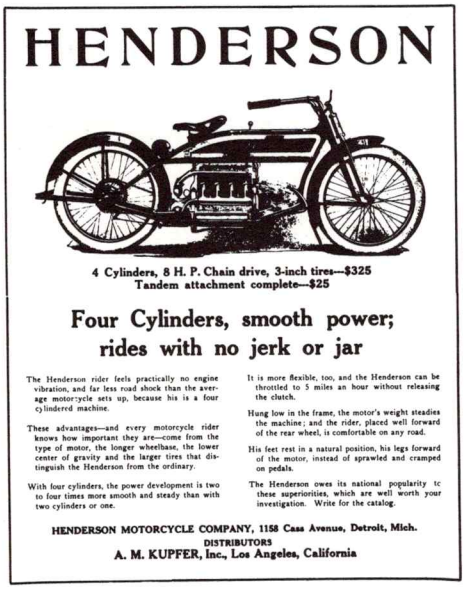
HENDERSON
4 Cylinders, 8 H. P. Chain drive, 3-inch tires—$325
Tandem attachment complete—$25
Four Cylinders, smooth power; rides with no jerk or jar
The Henderson rider feels practically no engine vibration, and far less road shock than the average motorcycle sets up, because his is a four cylindered machine.
These advantages—and every motorcycle rider knows how important they are—come from the type of motor, the longer wheelbase, the lower center of gravity and the larger tires that distinguish the Henderson from the ordinary.
With four cylinders, the power development is two to four times more smooth and steady than with two cylinders or one.
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Hung low in the frame, the motor's weight steadies the machine; and the rider, placed well forward of the rear wheel, is comfortable on any road.
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The Henderson owes its national popularity tc these superiorities, which are well worth your investigation. Write for the catalog.
HENDERSON MOTORCYCLE COMPANY, 1158 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
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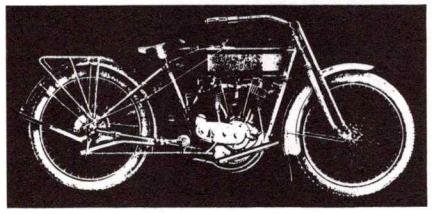
1913 Henderson — No. 101


JUST A FEW ADVANTAGES
of the Harley-Davidson
The Harley-Davidson Step-Starter---It is no longer necessary to pull the machine up on the stand to start the motor---when your engine accidentally stalls in crowded traffic the motor is started while you are in the saddle by simply stepping on either pedal.
The efficient Harley-Davidson Two-Speed is backed by the Harley-Davidson reputation for reliability---the strongest and most compact Two-Speed ever built. To make it all the more safe, it is located inside the rear hub.
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Double Clutch Control---A clutch that will never kill your motor---a clutch that will start you on any hill where you are able to operate at fifteen miles an hour. It is operated by hand or foot---which means complete control.
The 1914 Harley-Davidson Two-Speed Twin will out-climb any motorcycle manufactured---with side car attached it will mount hills that baffle the largest automobiles.
See the Harley-Davidson at your dealers. A demonstration will convince you of Harley-Davidson superiority.
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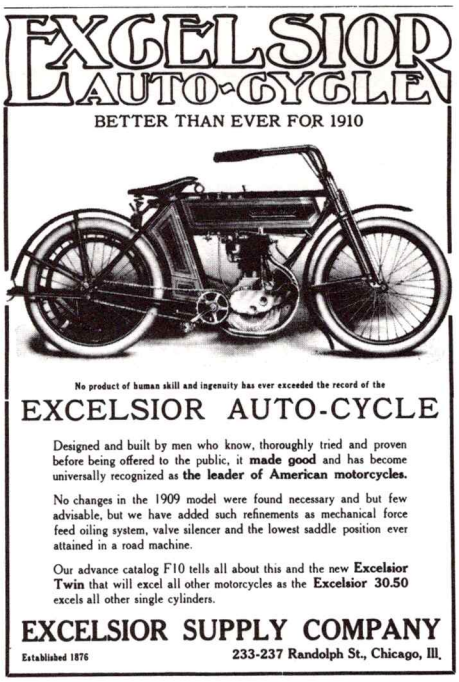
APPEAL MFG. & JOBBING CO., LOS ANGELES & SAN FRANCISCO
Distributors for California and Arizona
RETAIL STORES, 927 So. Main St. Los Angeles, Cal, 1598 Market St., San Francisco, Cal

1914 Harley-Davidson — No. 102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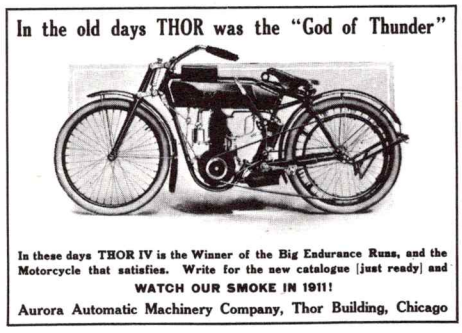
BETTER THAN EVER FOR 1910
No product of human skill and ingenuity has ever exceeded the record of the
EXCELSIOR AUTO-CYCLE
Designed and built by men who know, thoroughly tried and proven before being offered to the public, it made good and has become universally recognized as the leader of American motorcycles.
No changes in the 1909 model were found necessary and but few advisable, but we have added such refinements as mechanical force feed oiling system, valve silencer and the lowest saddle position ever attained in a road machine.
Our advance catalog F10 tells all about this and the new Excelsior Twin that will excel all other motorcycles as the Excelsior 30.50 excels all other single cylinders.
EXCELSIOR SUPPLY COMPANY
Established 1876
233-237 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

1910 Excelsior — No. 106


In the old days THOR was the "God of Thunder"
In these days THOR IV is the Winner of the Big Endurance Runs, and the Motorcycle that satisfies. Write for the new catalogue [just ready] and
WATCH OUR SMOKE IN 1911!
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1911 Thor — No. 105

Doesn't this picture hold a suggestion for vacation days?
THE Motorcyclist often loses half the enjoyment of a pleasure trip when he goes alone. The beauty spots of summer land are made doubly enjoyable when he takes a congenial companion along.
The Indian Motocycle
WITH SIDE CAR
opens up an entirely new field for pleasure touring. A roomy, comfortable and handsome side car can now be attached to any 1913 Indian Motocycle models. A passenger can be taken over any good trunkline road as easily and comfortably as in an automobile.
The Indian Side Car is of the torpedo body type, luxuriously upholstered and handsomely finished. A high seat back enaures the passenger's comfort. The car is ample in size, even for a large perron.
As a motor vehicle for two people, the Indian Motocycle with Side Car represents an extraordinarily low outlay for running expenses, such as for tires, oil and gasoline.
The low hung frame is attached with strong connecting braces to the rigid parts of the motorcycle frame. Thus the cradle springs of the motorcycle, in conjunction with the leaf springs of the side car, absorb all road jars and vibrations.
7 H.P. Twin, with Side Car complete, $335 / Side Car alone for 1913 model, $85 F. O. B. Factory
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BRANCH AND SERVICE STATIONS
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1913 Indian — No. 103

The most luxurious motorcycle in the world —
IT WILL BE EVEN BETTER IN THE DAYS TO COME!
ARIEL
1000 c.c. SQUARE FOUR
Distributed in U.S.A. by
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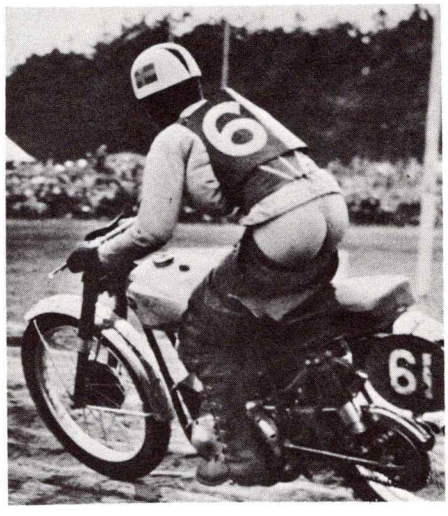
1946 Ariel Square Four — No. 104



The Will To Win — No. 107

9x12" SERIES: $1 Each — Any 3 for $2 — Any 7 for $4.
17 x 22" SERIES: $1.50 Each — Any 3 for $4 — Any 7 for $8.

Send Your Order With Cash, Check or Money Order to:

THE BAGNALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 638 / Sierra Madre / Calif. 91024

Christmas again, and with it the usual problems. What shall I get John (or James, or Tom, or Milton?)...he already HAS everything! ROAD RIDER thought it might be worthwhile to kind of boost your gift-purchasing thoughts towards motorcycle-oriented presents. What we came up with certainly isn't comprehensive by any stretch of the imagination, but it might get you to thinking "bike" and give you some ideas for some interesting and different gifts.

GIFT LIST

There's everything from big deal gifts to inexpensive stocking stuffers. Like oil, for instance...anything from a one quart can to an entire case. Or that stuff called Battery Life at 49¢ a whack. It's been proven that it can't possibly work -- but it does.

Check the "giftee's" bike. Do the hand grips or foot pegs show a lot of wear? Rubber parts can be replaced easily and at inexpensive rates. And then there are headlamp and tail light bulbs...and remember, every bike occasionally needs a change of spark plugs.

If you can't come up with the cash for a new bike -- how about a model one? Kits are reasonably priced and putting one together will keep a biker busy for some time.

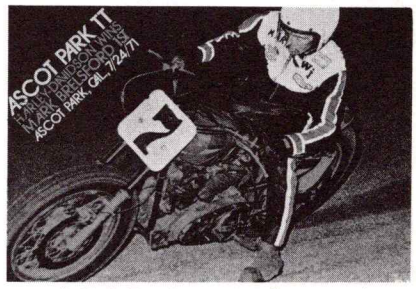
Thought about jewelry? Most dealers will have a variety of pins and tie tacks and similar bits of jewelry available, depending upon the make machine they sell. Then there are patches and decals and T-shirts and jackets and...

How-To books are usually a pretty good buy. Harry Weber, for instance, puts out a small, tool-box size edition on high performance cams, the care and feeding thereof, which covers the basics of selection and tuning of custom cams. All the way from Honda 90s to H-D's. A buck will get one from: Weber Speed Equipment, 310 S. Center Street, Santa Ana, California, 92703.

Then there's "Two-Wheel Touring And Camping", a Cliff Boswell-George Hays volume that just keeps on selling. It's available from: Bagnall Publishing Co., Box 638, Sierra Madre, California, 91024 for $3.50. And for $3.00 more, the same outfit will send you a copy of the very informative maintenance manual, "Q & A"...a handy volume for any biker.

And speaking of all this reading material, tops in the field of motorcycle/auto info is still Floyd Clymer's complete library of reasonably priced manuals. Everything from "How to Buy and Restore and Antique Car" ($3.00) to "Ceze store an Antique Car" ($3.00) to "Cezeta Scooter Owners Handbook" ($1.50). For a complete list of available titles, write to: Floyd Clymer Publications, 222 N. Virgil Avenue, Los Angles, Ca, 90004.

Posters can make an attractive and different gift. Check the ad on the opposite page there for some interesting ideas. A new twist in poster-art are the Day-Glo racing photos offered by Harley-Davidson. Here's two of 'em,

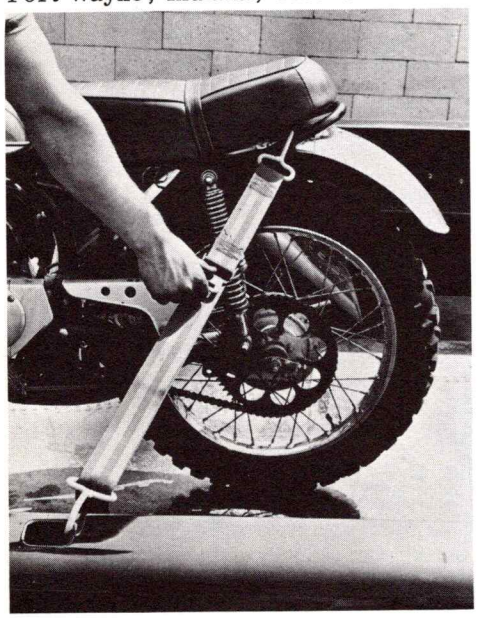


one of Cal Rayborn (order number 716) and one of Mark Brelsford (order number 717). Wild wall decoration for a dollar each from: Day-Glo Posters, Box 3031, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53218.

Why not go the ecology route with these "Less Sound, More Ground" iron-on patches from Arcadia Graphics? At $1.50 per sheet, the iron-on's include one 7-inch emblem for your back and a 3-incher for your pocket. The patches come in two-color green fade-resistant ink. Different and worthwhile. Write: Arcadia Graphics, Box 3046, Arcadia, Calif., 91006.

How about a can of chain lube in his stocking? Klotz Special Formula Products puts out a small, handy, 8 ounce plastic bottle which goes for a buck. It's reported to be an all-weather lube which contains a combination of lubricants and

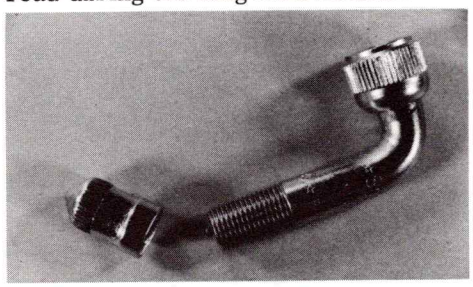
graphite dispersions plus a tackiness agent to keep it on the chain. Klotz Special Formula Products, Box 1343, Fort Wayne, Indiana, 46801.



Buco has a couple of goodies you might be interested in. You trail bikers might like the quick-release tie-down straps to cinch the family Hawkayama into the van. They're heavy duty straps, two inches in width, with case hardened steel hooks dipped in nylon, with a quick release lever that lets go when you flip a metal tab.

Or maybe you need a pair of Buco's wide assortment of sunglasses (think ahead, folks, that snow won't last forever). One item seems to have some possibilities for bikers. Called the "Sun Specs"; they fit over prescription glasses and are supposed to be less likely to slip than the clip-on style shades. For either of these two products, write: BUCO National Sales Office, 16055 Ventura Blvd. Suite 1004, Encino, California, 91316.

Here's an idea for a super inexpensive way to go that will provide hours of Winder drooling pleasure without costing much more than the postage. Why not go through ROAD RIDER and send for advertiser's catalogues. Lots of times advertisers only will show one product in an ad when they have a bunch of other interesting goodies that are right up the biker's alley. Another thought: Why not put the arm on Uncle Sam for government pamphlets and brochures on camping, touring, etc. Ken Weingart from Flushing, New York turned us on to this one. What you do is drop a note to the Superintendant of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402, and ask for a price list. Here's some titles: ROOM TO ROAM (Alaska and Western info), CAMPING, OUTDOOR SAFETY TIPS, CAMPING IN THE NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM, NATIONAL FOREST VACATIONS, and mucho more. Worthwhile, and the prices are right, varying from five cents to $3.00 for cloth-bound volumes. Give you something to read during the long cold months.

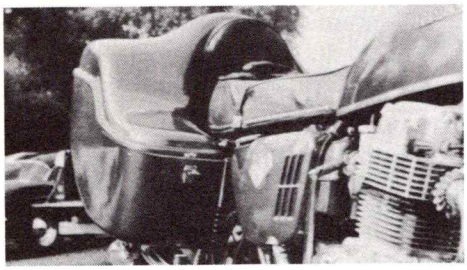


This little gidget is a valve-stem extension, and its beauty is in the fact that it permits you to get air to the tire without undergoing major surgery, or performing what Guzzi owners refer to as the "Gas Station Adagio". Gem is available from Flanders for about a buck each...but don't leave them on the tire! Write: Flanders Co., P.O. Box 2297D, Pasadena, California, 91105.

ALL NEW "U" SADDLE BAG
FOR 750 OR 450 HONDA

THREE SADDLE BAGS IN ONE

Best for handling — Best for room



No removal of U Saddle Bag for easy maintenance of tire chain and battery, necessary for normal maintenance.

It is the most advanced custom saddle bag design in a decade especially for you and your 750 or 450 Honda. A beauty you will have to own to believe.

Send $1 for more information.

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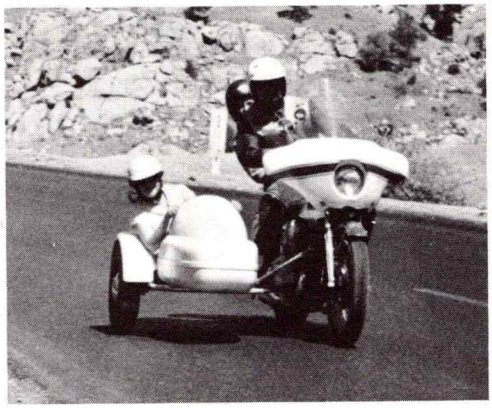
DOUBLE UP WITH
BINGHAM MK-I SIDECAR



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Low Cost
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Kits

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15838 Arminta St., Unit 25,
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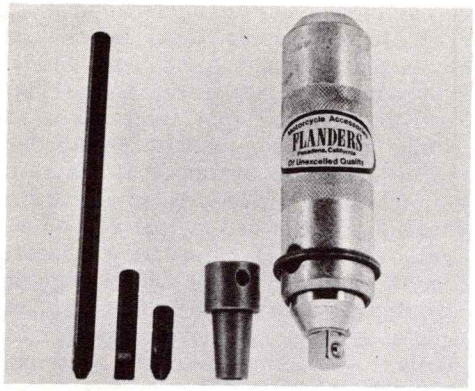
COMPETITION MODELS AVAILABLE



From Flanders again: Winter-grounded owners pulling maintenance on their Japanese machines will probably consider this one a "must" item for those damnable lock-up phillips head screws. Flanders makes it, calls it a Hammer Pak. It comes with three bits (number 3 long, number 3 short, and regular flat-slotted bit). The Hammer Pak goes for $10.99 from the same address above. Better still, send for Flanders' complete catalogue of mototcycle stuff, it'll cost you a buck, but it's worth it.

Stan Rocklin, Road Rider subscriber from out Phoenix way, buzzed us a while back with this idea; seems that the pre-1970 BMWs have a tendancy to dribble gas all over the tank. Can be fixed, according to Stan, by ordering an old Allstate Motorcycle gas cap from Sears Service Centers. Gas cap part number is 827103 (gas cap for model 81094222 Allstate Motorcycle). Cost is just under four dollars, and it might make an original gift idea for the Earls era BMW lovers.

Lube it right with Torco's new "Luger Luber Grease Gun", another maintenance item. The Luger Luber will accept Torco's Green Grease in a refill capsule, or can be hand-loaded from a bulk grease container. They didn't send us a price on this one, but you can get info from Mr. Glenn Miller, P.O. Box 2577, Santa Fe Springs, California, 90670.

Honda 750 owners might go for the Burroughs Gauge Set offered by Cycle Dynamics. The three dial gauge shows oil temperature, oil pressure, and voltmeter readings at a glance. All

STEWART FAIRINGS – since 1961
New custom built 3 piece fairings to fit BMW and most 2's and 3's. As low as $95.00. Write for free literature.
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The finest custom made leathers for the pleasure or sport rider. Factory direct only. Catalog available.
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If you can answer 'Yes' to the following four questions,
YOU DO!
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ALL INCLUSIVE ($2,145.00 FROM N.Y.*)
A brand new 750 cc BMW motorcycle (tour with smaller model lower priced). • Air fare round trip, all hotels, most meals; your luggage carried in a van; road maps, tour guides, personalized tour jacket, detailed itinerary, etc. • Ride the Romantic Road to HEIDELBERG, visit Munich, the Black Forest, the Alps, the sinking treasure island Venice, PARIS. • See Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Holland, Tyrol, Switzerland, Bavaria. • Financing available.
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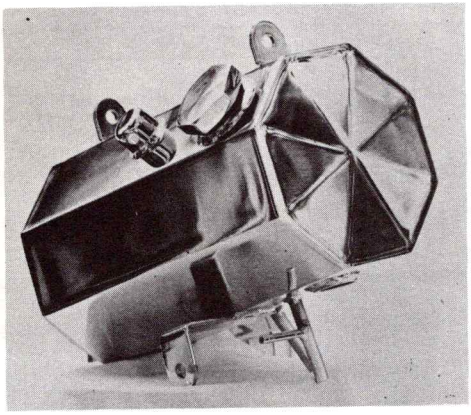
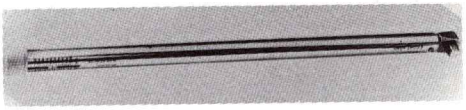
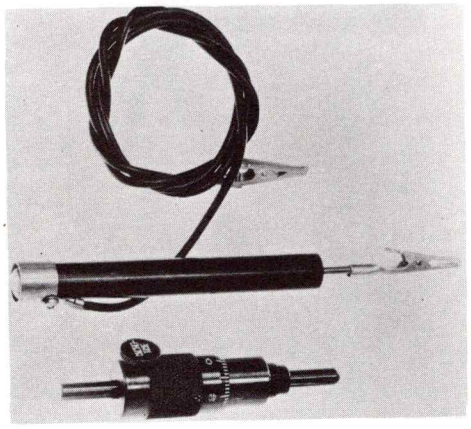
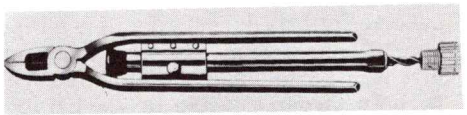
gauges are electric and feature printed circuits for vibration resistance. They are illuminated for the night-riders, and can be had for around $77.00. Write to: Cycle Dynamics Box 17508, San Diego, California, 92117 for details.



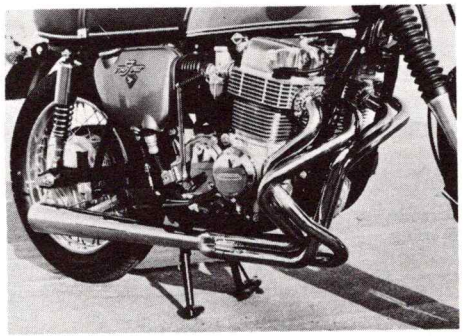
Got the customizing bug? How about a specialty item for the guy who has a creative urge? Santee Industries makes several items for the frame-benders. Among them this heli-arc welded "Star-Pressed" oil tank. Also over 57 styles and sizes of handlebars, hardtails (bolt-on), flat fenders, chain-guards. etc. Write: Santee Industries, P.O. Box 1272, San Fernando, California, 91340 for their catalog.







Aragon Distributing Co. puts out all kinds of goodies for bikers. (1) Chrome-plated Micrometer type torque wrench for $35.00. (2) A gadget called the Tote-A-Volt which you hook up to your alternator for a 110-volt power source. They've got a model for motorcycles that goes for around $30.00. (3) Clean up all those dangly cables with Aragon's self-locking cable ties. Super-duty nylon that latches easily, removes when you want it to. (4) Their Micro-Time ignition tune-up tool might save you some fuss. Goes for $16.00. Appears to be a simple system that has merit for the do-it-yourselfers trying to beat the high cost of tuning. (5) $19.00 will get you a set of safety wire twisters. Anything that vibrates shouldn't go untwisted. In case you're wondering, Aragon's catalogue comes to you for one dollar. Send same to Aragon Distributing Co., 233 W. Camino Real, Monrovia, California, 91016.



More for the Four. Triple A's new Four-in-one exhaust system This sporty muffler-header system encorporates equal-length headers and an ex-

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For more information on other Carlisle Tire sizes, tread designs, tubes . . . plus other motorcycle accessories, write Department RR, Azusa Engineering, or send $1.00 for our complete catalog of recreational vehicle components.

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clusive one-piece collector and megaphone. Don't worry about sound pollution, the setup is quieter than the stock stacks, even though the system also gives your 750 a horsepower boost. Trims about 20 pounds off the stock plumbing! Choice of 18-inch or 28-inch muffler. Check with the folks at Triple A for this one. Triple A Accessories, Inc., 340 East Alondra Blvd., Gardena, California, 90247.

Motorcycle clothing could be a big item for your shopping list. Rain-gear, gloves, a new riding shirt, or even a pair of boots. These touring boots from Yankee feature a zip-up-the-back and are 12 and-a-half inches high. Quality leather product with colorful red, white and blue stripes in front. Check it out from Yankee Motor Co., P.O. Box 36, Schenectady, New York, 12301, or 323 West Alondra Blvd, Gardena, California 90247, whichever's the closest.

Pabatco calls this ditty bag a "ubiquitous Accessory", and it just may well be. It's a naugahyde bag with a water-proof flap and chrome fastenings. Use it for whatever you consider a ubiquitous accessary had oughta be used for. Measures 8" by 11" and sells for $14.00, postpaid from: Pabatco, Box 327 W. Athena, Oregon, 97813, Dept-103.

Or what about camping gear? Lots of folks have written to ask where they can obtain their very own Alpine Draw-Tite. Well, Cliff Boswell's favorite form of housing (almost) is available in a pair of sizes. The two-man version goes for $72.00; top fly for $13.75 and the three-man one is tabbed at $104.00 with top fly for $20.50. You can get 'em from: Nutmeg Sales and Service Corp., Box 2180, Vernon, Connecticut, 06066.

Here's a handy (!) item -- a pair of gloves with reflective tape on the gauntlets -- and with inner-gloves for nippy nights. They combine comfort with safety and make those dark hour hand signals super visible. Check with: Parr of Arizona, Dept. 24, Box 294, Phoenix Arizona, 85001.

So there's some RR-type suggestions, hopefully in the St. Nick of time for the season. Merry Christmas to all -- and to all -- don't forget to tell 'em ROAD RIDER sent you. [RR]

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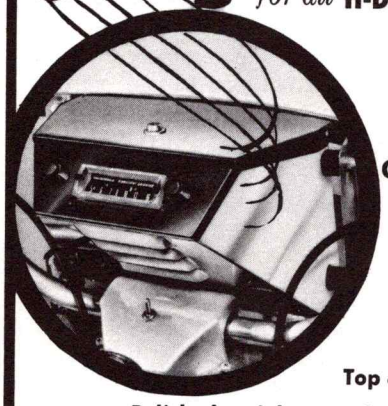

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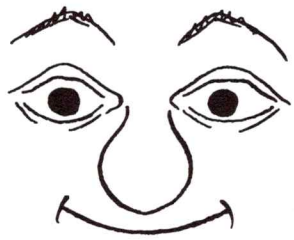
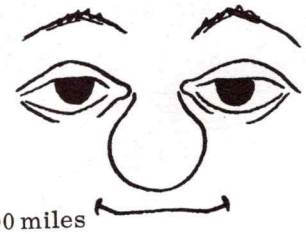


200 miles



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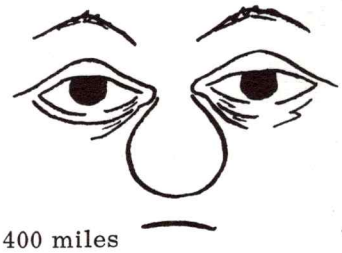
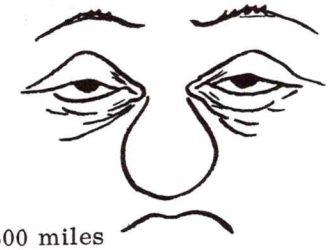


400 miles



500 miles

[HUMOR]

Motorcycle Fiction is a Pain in the Saddle

[By BOB HAZLETT]

A year or two ago one of the motorcycle magazines had a fictional account of a ride and the darn thing has stuck in my head all this time.

It seems the hero, a young lad with pool cue in one hand and a Big Orange in the other, got himself all caught up in a conversation about long distance riding one night at the local watering hole.

With apologies to the author in the piece (after all, it has been a long time and I can't be expected to remember every little detail) the protagonist in the bit was mouthing off about riding a thousand miles in twenty-four hours.

I was impressed. I never bothered with the simple mathematics to determine what kind of average one would have to maintain to accomplish this feat. It just seemed tough to do. Maybe it was the writer's suave style.

Anyway, all this time I've gestated that thought. Wonder if...if the chips were really down...if I could turn the hat trick of a cool thousand miles in one round of the clock.

However, I never once thought I'd be dumb enough to try it.

As I recall, the bet was a bottle of RC or something like that. It was to be bought by the last one to return to the joint in L.A. from where they started. The route was to round the horn in San Francisco. I know, you're wondering about the proof. The writer used a cute little trick of a particularly pretty little town 'way up north and a picture postcard of that view. The idea was that the spot had been equally impressive to both of them...separately.

The story was a good one. Maybe you saw it. Better yet, maybe you were able to forget it. I didn't! And, just a few weeks ago I found myself in the uncomfortable position of (1) being about an even thousand miles from home, (2) more than a little homesick and (ugh-3) thinking about that silly story.

If the author had the idea in the first place, says I to myself, he must have done some research so he knows that it's possible. Then too, one-thousand divided by twenty-four is only forty-one-point-something miles per hour average and I routinely do fifty on long trips. Anyway, I rationalized, If I get too pooped I can always stop and crash. And I just won't ever tell anyone I even tried.

Allow me to stop myself right here and pass out one word of advice. Don't -- under any circumstances -- let yourself be sucked into the same trap. More importantly, don't even think about it as you return to a tent camp after a full day in the saddle.

I did. The road rider's part of the meet I was attending was all but over. I had been a week on the road already and, frankly, the more I thought about it, the better and more hero-like it all sounded. If some imaginary storybook character can pull it off, certainly a full-grown, sickly-ridin' dude like me can do it.

And with that, I dumped my gear onto the bike, gassed up and without a backward glance to see where I'd left my sanity, I was off.

A thousand miles is no hill for a stepper, you say? You're probably right. But this stepper is over forty, had been up since the air mattress sprung the ultimate leak, and had taken part in the glorious Black Hills gypsy tour all day. Add to that pungent mixture a bike which had left its oil seals...every last one of them...in its other suit and you've cooked up a bad trip... literally.

My friends waved goodbye (forever, they probably were thinking) and I struck out...at eleven p.m.

For the first hundred or so, it went like a dream. Freeway, cool, crisp night and the bike acting semi-reasonable. (Semi-reasonable to my machine means that you've inserted a one-inch oil syringe directly into the vein.)

Do you ever sit on the bike and figure? I do. I watch the ole odometer and calculate with my watch where I should be at such and such a time. Lots of fun. This night I was figuring up a storm.

If I could average sixty for a couple or three of hours I would build up a big enough lead on time to be able to crash in...oh, say, North Platte, Nebraska. . .for at least two hours. Then, with the sun up, I could make up for any miles under the magical average of forty-one point something.

No sweat. First hour. Average sixty-six with apologies to the Highway Patrol. Second hour. Dropped two...down to sixty-four. Still no big deal. I'm still over the sixty I figgered I had to have. Third hour. Don't need gas but I think I'll stop, gas up and smoke a cigarette. After all, I'm still ahead.

Fourth hour. How did I get all the way down to fifty-two mph average? Must have been that seven miles of gravel.

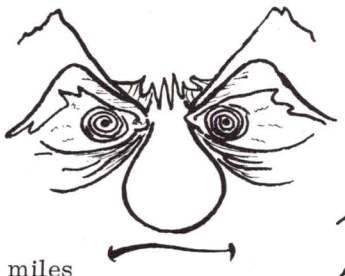
Fifth hour. Grab both brakes hard. Slide over to the shoulder. Could have sworn an orange road racer was coming right at me. Hmmm, nobody there. Maybe this whole thing wasn't such a swift idea after all. Wonder if I was hallucinating or if I...perish the thought...actually fell asleep and was dreaming.

600 miles

700 miles

How far IS North Platte???

Crash!



800 miles

Seventh hour. Damn those sanitation engineers. Is this any time to be emptying garbage cans. Oh well, back at it. Better not stop for breakfast yet. Gotta put a few miles on before I dare calculate the average...and, I tell myself...it's too hard to figure except in even hours.

Ninth hour. "Yes, lady, even after all that coffee I still want you to fill my thermos."

Thirteenth hour. Hey, baby, I'm over the hump. Sun's up...don't need the leathers...bike's still perking...like riding in an oil storm but perking...and I can make this in a walk. Calculate the average. Uh-oh, down to thirty-nine and three-quarters. Better screw it on through Kansas.

Eighteenth hour. It's just like a night on a feather bed to see the gas pump jockey's eyes when I tell him how far in how long. Average: up to forty-five.

Nineteen and a half hours. Cross into Texas. Home stretch now, you ridin' demon. Nothing can stop you now. Average: an amazing forty-six mph.

Twenty hours. Rain. Not just a shower...rain. And it's dark again. Again? Did I really start in the dark and it's dark again???

Twenty-one hours. I've run out of sitting positions. Completely and finally out. But I'm not there. Average: Forty-six and a big fraction. Twenty-one hours, thirty-five minutes. For the past thirty-five minutes...or is it thirty-five hours...for 1,013 miles...I've been considering the warm, welcoming reception I'll receive. The conquering hero. Man over time. Dream ride comes true. Cyclist achieves near impossible feat.

Pull into the garage. Turn off the gas. I've been planning that move. I figure I'll symbolically be switching off the gas when they all run into the garage with the garlands and bouquets.

Helmet off...that's funny, nobody came out, and I can hear the television going in the den.

Twenty-one hours, thirty-six minutes. Stagger in with oil-soaked feet through the kitchen to the den. "Oh, hello," she says. "Didn't expect you this early," she says. "Wait a minute...I'm all involved in this story," she says.

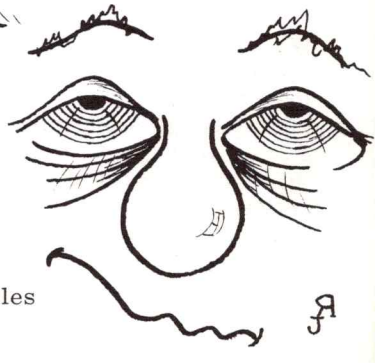
She's involved. Can't she see that I've just climbed the motorcyclist's Mount Everest? Commercial comes on. "Nice ride home?" she asks. "Oh, and before I forget... I overdrew the checking account eighty-five dollars while you were gone."

Friends, when the urge comes to you to flip to the page where the index lists motorcycle fiction, take the advice of an old man (made old in one fell swoop). Don't do it.

Nobody was even there to buy me a cold RC.

[RR]

900 miles



1,000 miles

Reports At Random

...on two Southern California traditions
INDIO & THE WHITEWATER TROUT FRY

A DATE AT INDIO

by Dean A. Grennell

Actually, it was a deplorably fake-fannish way to go -- aboard a four-wheeled vehicle -- and I had to endure the usual feelings of frustrated inadequacy when mounted on one of those rolling platforms: I mean, giving the cheerful vee'd fingers sign to the passing cyclists and getting back the frozen basilisk stare. "Wot's with the Clod in the quadracycle, huh?"

The only compensation came when filling in the registration form; coming to the blank for cubic inches of your machine, putting down 445, being told, "It's cubic inches, not centimeters," explaining, politely, "In cubic centimeters, it's more like 7290".

An explanation, not an excuse: I wanted to shoot a lot of photos which, in my book, means packing a few hundredweight of the impedimentia so dear to the hearts of shutterbugs -- added a lawfully wedded spouse who comes down terminally saddle-sore from anything much over 100 miles in 24 hours and, viola: motorcycle by Buick!

Lifting out of the San Gabboo Valley around tennish of Saturday morning, the 2nd of October, we expected to sight quantities of cycles making for Indio in formation but only spotted a few pairs and loners along the way. Upon arrival, it became thoroughly obvious that most of them had beaten us in. In fact, it was hard to imagine that there might have been any cycles or cyclists left at large in the southwestern portion of the country. Sheeg, but there were motorcycles, puttle-puttling about, vripping their throttles and generating rhythmic decibels in musical contrapuntals as far as the eye could see or the ear could reach.

Wily-Kat had come snurfling into town a decorous distance behind one of the lonesome lobo cyclists and, when the bike turned, we turned and followed our unaware scout into a big parking lot, found a parking space, selected a suitable item of gear from the photographic arsenal in the trunk, flexed shutter-finger a couple of times and commenced prowling for suitable subject matter. It was not long in materializing.

What we had lucked into turned out to be the marshalling yard for the annual parade through town and, within a brace or so of trices, we were up to my adam's-apple in scooter-people of every imaginable stripe and persuasion.

Jean struck up a conversation with the mother of twin girls, aged about two months and her new friend confided that she had met and married their father at the 1970 Indio Tour. The twins were then enscounced in the rear of a camper truck, but it was planned that they would ride the parade through town on Daddy's bike. We agreed that you couldn't hardly start them in much younger.

One speaks of a gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, but what may be the proper and appropriate collective noun for quantities of Harley 74s? A hugeness of hogs? There were a good many hugenesses in evidence and, with all deference to RR's por ciphilic editor, those huge machines remind me of nothing so much as a poised avalanche in final count-down.

Back in 1964, while drawing paychecks from a tech-publisher in Milwaukee, I had an assignment to update the H-D shop manual, which we printed for them. The 74s, I remembered, were designated as something-hyphen-glide: Duo-Glide or Hydra-Glide; not sure which. Along the years since then, they added a battery-powered starter and became the Electra-Glide. I noted a curious thing: It has become quite rare to encounter a 74 these days which carries any legend other than "Electra-Glide" on the valence of its front fender. I have a lurking suspicion that a great many Duo-Glides have been updated by the addition of the little moulded insignia. Certainly, I saw no small number of nominal Electra-Glides being stomp-started in the time-hallowed manner.

According to my informal, barefoot census, the 750 Hondas are a likely contender for second choice after the Harley 74. At any rate, there were a lot of those burbling, broad-chested mills in evidence. Mr. Aitch may have been disappointed in the reception accorded to his 450 - a machine I privately adore - but he has no complaints coming on the big four. Add a generous sprinkling of H-D Sportsters, Suzuki Titans, some well-zooted Honda 350s and several sneers of choppers (if we can live with that as a collective noun), a gutteral of BMWs, a trident or two of Triumphs, a goombah of Guzzis, a bevy of Beezers, and you've got the considerable bulk of the crop. Not many Mach III 'Sakis and, if anything, less of the 450 Hondas.

Not a single YDS-3 Yamaha did we sight, though there must have been at least one of every cycle ever to sputter and I thought of the staunch but petite Happy Bluebird, brooding forlornly in the garage back in Covina and decided it was just as well we'd brought the 4-wheeler. Later, I was to question this as we nursed Wily-Kat, with his red idiot-light flashing "hot" in our face, into a churlish service station to plead for water. The jolly proprietor left off chevvying us for drooling glycol on his apron when a chopper came in for gas and I heard him advising its rider that, "I was riding Harleys afore you was born, young feller."

It was a bit sticky-wicket, nursing the purring monster through registration and, with the official sticker triumphantly affixed to his inboard-port headlamp, delicately into the entry gate, amid the throng of pedestrians and cyclists. I felt like an expectant mother, ten months pregnant in a crowded elevator; also like some sort of unspeakable infidel.

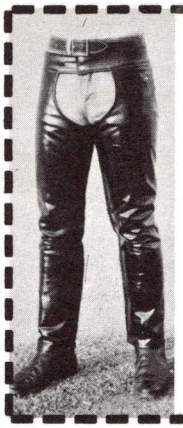
Once again afoot, we toured the grounds, endeavoring to look as though we had a ton or so of full-dress Harley parked around some nearby corner. The Indio Tour makes its headquarters at the Date Festival Grounds, which is complete with quasi-Arabian motif, minarets and California-Casbah buildings decorated with flowing inscrutable script which may mean something in Arabic, though I doubt it. "Scooter-People, Go Home!" -- perhaps?

Somehow, we did not connect up with the precision-riding displays by the Victor McLaglen Motor Corps and the Ace of Clubs, which I regretted, keenly. These were scheduled to be held in the fairgrounds parking lot -- wherever that was -- and we learned of it too late. After watching the grand parade mass up and take off, we had not intercepted any of its passage through town, having been busily engaged in filling the trunk cooler with Budweiser at a downtown liquor store so as to avoid Hobson's Choice (what it was was Coor's) at half a buck the canister.

There was a large exhibit building, filled with antiques and classics: numerous Indians, including a few of the magnificant old straight-fours and a 1930 model with original sidecar; a couple of Crockers and a Munch Mammoth. It was my first encounter with a Mammoth in the metal and, while it looked big, it didn't seem as enormous as I'd envisioned from photos. I no longer believe that one mounts them with a ladder. If there were Vincents or Broughs, I didn't see them, though there was a supremely elegant Ariel Square-Four on exhibition in the arena with the most stridently posh sidecar I've ever seen or dreamed about: I mean a cut-crystal flower vawze and an overhead curtain which rolls back in case it should stop raining. Sidecar on the rider's left, of course.

Legends on the backs of shirts and jackets proclaimed membership in scores of clubs, including several in sleeveless denim jerkins. The all-pervasive impression was one of an improbably heterogeneous group, insolubly moorged all together by the common love of two-

(Text continued on Page 38.)



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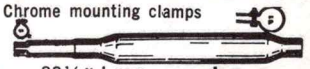
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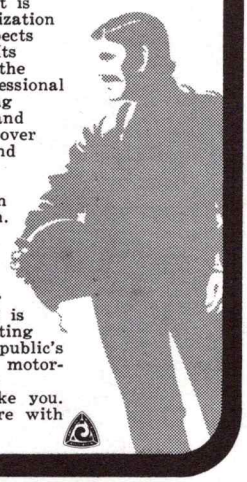

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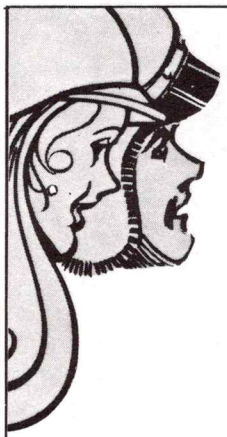

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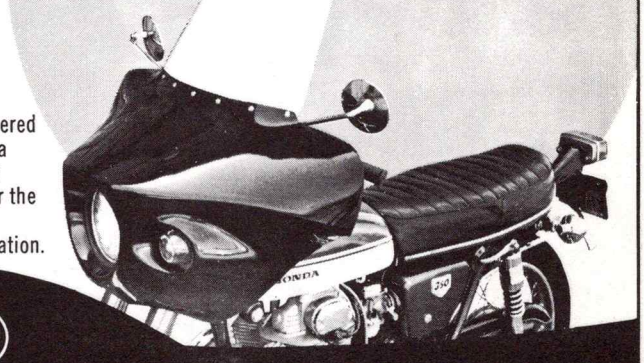

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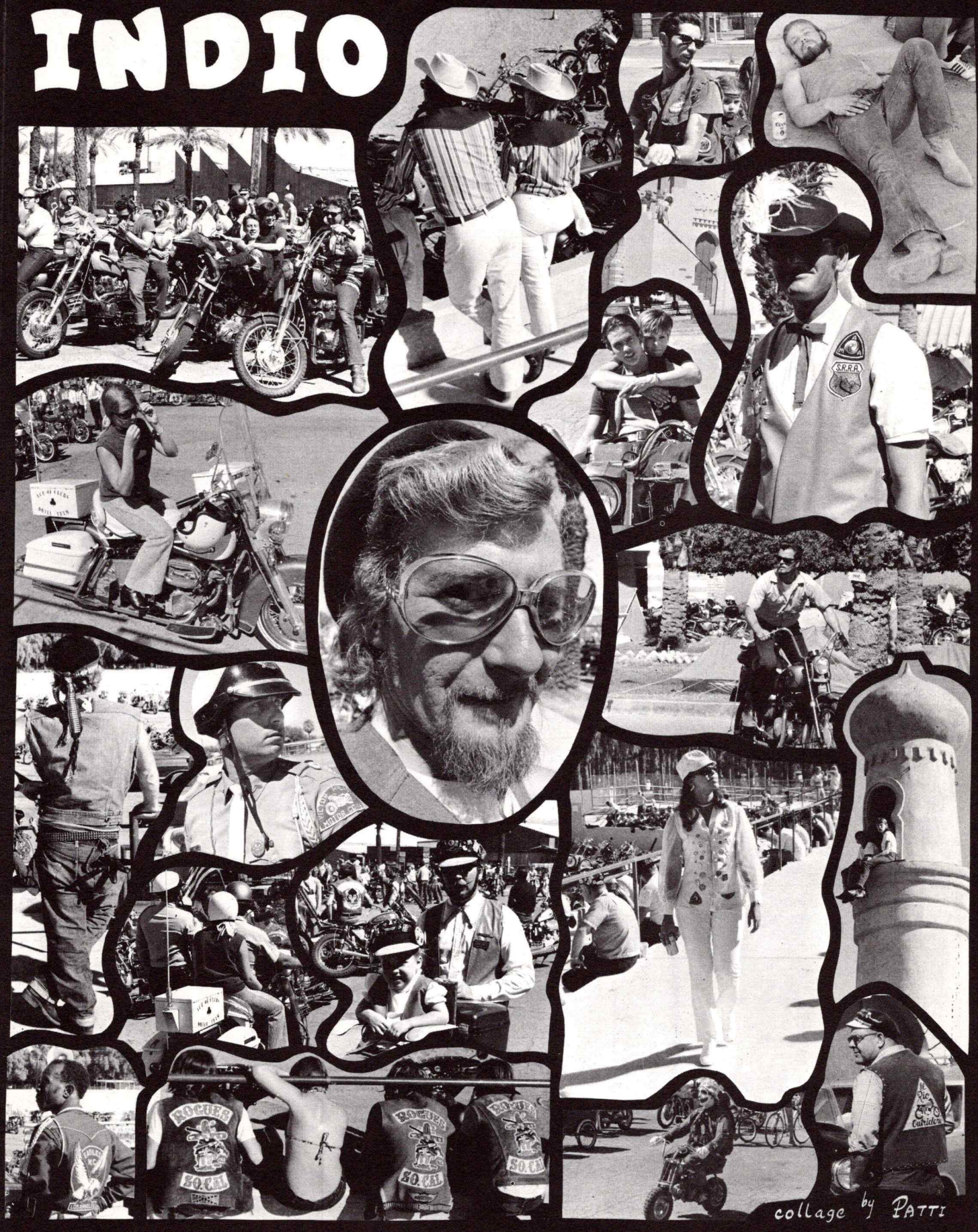
INDIO
S.R.R.A.
SO.CAL
collage by PATTI

(Continued from Page 35.)

wheeled transportation. If there was a single sour note of strife or friction in the entire symphony, we missed it completely. All we saw was a large mass of cycle-fandom, having themselves one goshawful glorious ball.

The 1971 do was the seventh in the annual series of Indio Tours and, as in previous years, was sponsored by the Pacific Coasters M/C, Incorporated. The event is co-sponsored by the Indio Chamber of Commerce and the Riverside County Fair. Becky Myers -- secretary of the Pacific Coasters and the wife of the club president, Chuck Myers --said that about 8500 people had showed up for last year's event and that the trend had been to double the attendance each year. Chuck and Becky Myers can be reached at 4236 Feather Avenue, San Diego, California 92117 for details on the tour for 1972. It may be a bit soon to get the finalized details but, if the '71 bash was a sample, here's one pair that plans to be there.

With the wisdom that comes from experience, next year will see us spartanizing the photo gear and making the scene on two wheels -- even if we have to pedal tandem!

[RR]

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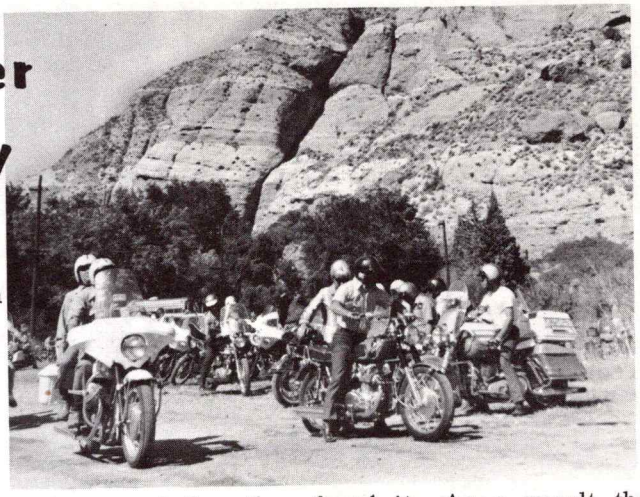
Whitewater Trout Fry

Story by Larree Johnson

Photos by Bob Krogman

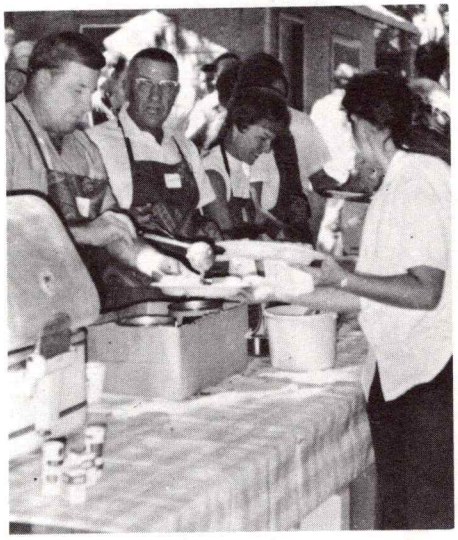


For many motorcyclists, the annual Shop-Hop and Trout Fry held at the Whitewater Trout Ranch is a living tradition. Although this event is not a "tour" as such, folks from as far as Phoenix, Las Vegas and Sacramento, show up every year. There is no parade, no trophies, no formal activities; just good food and the companionship of other cycle devotees in a relaxed atmosphere.

The Whitewater Trout Ranch is a beautiful green oasis hidden in a desert canyon north of Palm Springs. Leafy elm trees spread a cool canopy over a park complete with picnic tables and barbecues. Two waterfalls nearby blend their voices as they tumble into fish ponds liberally stocked with trout. It is no wonder that to the hundreds of motorcyclists who return here each year this is known as "the quiet run."

It all started more than twenty years ago when Skip Fordyce, Ed Kretz and Dave Mason (cycle dealers all) convinced the owners of the Whitewater Trout Ranch that motorcycle riders really aren't a bunch of bad guys. That year about one hundred and fifty riders showed up and -- talk about an image builder -- they left the place cleaner than they found it. As a result the owners built a permanent cook-house and restrooms just for the Trout Fry.

During the early years, the founders and their families came early on Saturday, caught all the fish, set up everything and camped overnight. On Sunday the cooking and serving was done by the same people. Late Sunday night after



The lineup: Mason, Kretz and Fordyce.

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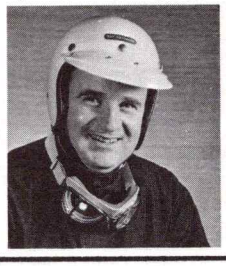

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Satisfied customers departing.

everyone had left, the weary workers would pack up and head home. (It takes a lot of work to build a tradition!) This method soon became inadequate as the attandance swelled from the original hundred and fifty to over nine hundred. Nowadays ranch employees catch and clean the fish, but the founders still cook and serve.

Not that things have always been rosy. Skip recalls, "One year it was raining like hell when we started cooking and there was only one rider--from Bakersfield. Turned out okay though. By one o'clock there were three hundred and fifty wet riders from all over." The rain didn't stop them it just slowed them down a little. That's the kind of stuff traditions are made of.

This year there was no rain; just beautiful weather. Ship Fordyce, now retired, drove seven hundred and fifty miles just to be there, and then wrenched his back unloading the beans. His injury didn't stop him from serving the cole slaw on the thumbs of all the pretty girls, though. Ed Kretz and his son Eddy took over the bean department, while Dave Mason handed out the golden fried trout. Cathy, Skip's oldest daughter, arrived on her 750 Honda and took care of the tickets again. She has been helping out since she was in pigtails.

After the meal there was the usual drawing for prizes. Not only is there good food at this event, but literally a truck load of good prizes are given away. The quality of the prizes reflects both the number and enthusiasm of the participating sponsors. Their loyalty is proven by the fact that over 60 percent of the sponsors have been active for twenty years. That has got to be some kinda record!

Last came the thing which permits this tradition to continue, everyone pitched in and helped clean up the whole park. Never a complaining word. That's what makes it so great.

All in all, the "quiet run" may not be as big or famous as some other biker events but the loyalty to this tradition is just as fierce. You can bet your spare clutch cable we'll be back next year!

[RR]

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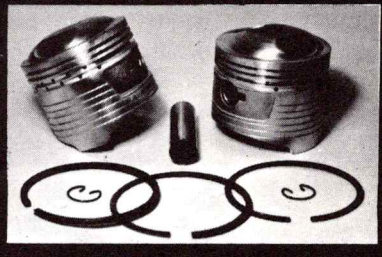

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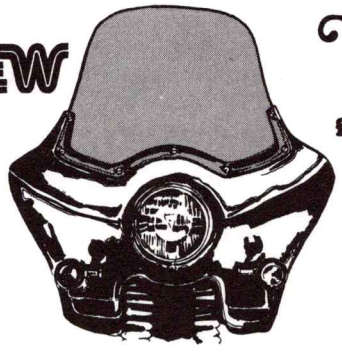

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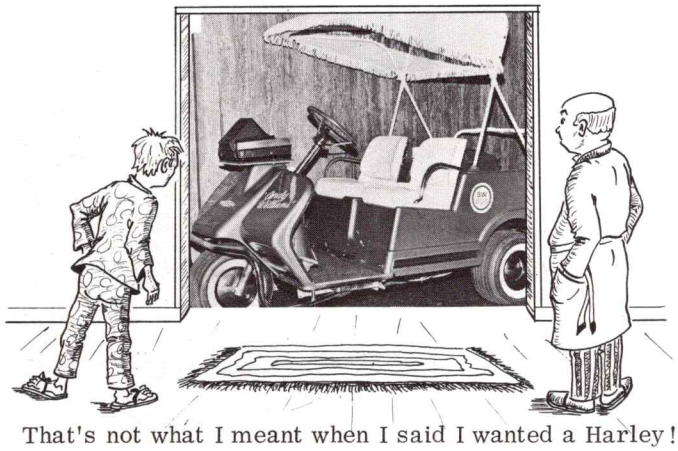
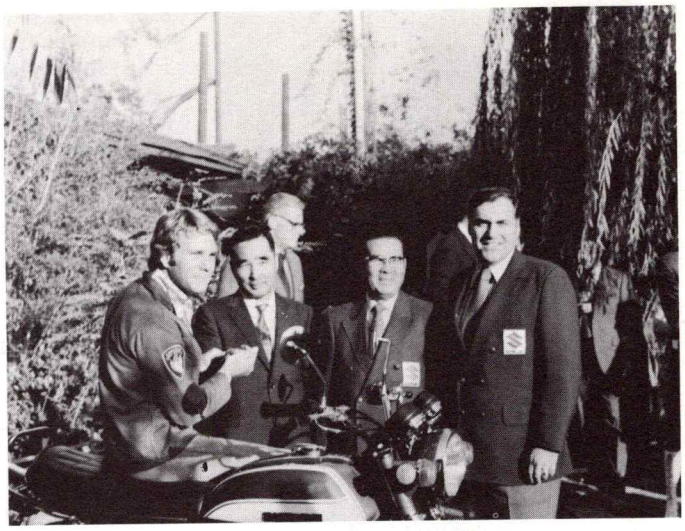
SOME ITEMS OF SOME INTEREST

SUZUKI ARE HERE...AGAIN

Suzuki's new biggie was unveiled at a recent press showing attended by ROAD RIDER staffers Hull, Woien and Beard. As per the advanced advertising, the big new Suzuki is a 750 cc, two-stroke, three-cylinder, liquid cooled machine which U.S. Suzuki hopes will capture the imagination (and dollars) of the touring rider. On hand at the showing were (l. to r.): Actor Ryan O'Neal (who picked up the first Suzuki 750 sold in America), Mr. Shunzo Suzuki, Mr. K. Hzuka, Executive Vice President, and Mr. R. Orth, Vice President of Marketing.



That's not what I meant when I said I wanted a Harley!



B.S.A. BOUNCES BACK

Lots of unhealthy rumors have been floating around lately re the status of BSA and Triumph. Seems Birmingham Small Arms Co. has been in something of a "financial predicament" resulting from labor problems and supply shortages. As we go to press, the situation is reported to have improved by virtue of a major shakeup in the BSA leadership. According to BSA's U.S. President, Denis McCormack, revitalization plans include: top management changes in England, rearrangement of the company's liquid assets, increased borrowing power and more efficient utilization of the company's motorcycle assembly plant. Mr. McCormack states that 1972 promises to be a good year for BSA and its affiliated groups.

"PRICE-GOUGING" GETS GOUGED!

International Four Owners Association President, Bill Robinson has just announced an attempt to combat dealer price-gouging via the Association's latest service to members: Operation -- Fair Price. According to Robinson, American Honda and Honda Limited of Japan have been powerless to enforce any reasonable dealer price structure and occasionally price-gouging takes place. A good example is the final drive chain of the Honda CB750 which has been sold for prices ranging to a reported $36.00. The Honda list price guideline for this item is somewhere in the neighborhood of $20.00. That makes a $16.00 markup for the dealer's pocket the way we figure it. Under Operation -- Fair Price, Four Association members will be able to receive parts at the dealer's guideline price. "We are not asking for a discount," says Robinson, "only the dealer's reasonable effort to stick to Honda's guideline which is their suggested list price."

HOA IS ON THE WAY

Corporation papers for the new Honda Owners Association were approved by the State of California in early October. The new association will be patterned after the successful Four Owners Association which will act in an advisory capacity to the fledgling organization. Main efforts of the HOA will be owner maintenance, member protection and representation. The Association is open to any and all owners of Honda motorcycles. For information, write HOA, 1380 Garnet Ave., San Diego, California. 92109.

AND HERE'S A SCOOP

The president of the newly formed HOA was announced just minutes before ROAD RIDER went to the printers. Toni Taylor, the lovely lady in the photo, has long been affiliated with Honda and recently spearheaded the arrangements for Operation -- Fair Price. Now she will assume the presidential duties of Honda Owners Association effective immediately. RR extends Good Luck wishes to Toni and the HOA.

MORE ON THE FORBIDDEN PARKWAY

The Garden State Parkway is still the only public thoroughfare in the United States which is closed to motorcycles. As part of the ongoing talks between the Garden State Parkway Commission and the American Motorcycle Association which have been in progress since early Spring, an independent research firm has been commissioned by the AMA to study motorcycle use of the highways. AMA President J.R. Kelley states, "Our immediate project may involve the Garden State Parkway, but the study will be of a type applicable to major highways throughout the United States. It is hoped that these findings will arm us with the kind of statistical information we need to fight motorcycle discrimination on the nation's highways, wherever it may crop up." The study is scheduled for completion by mid-November and will be presented to the Garden State Parkway Commission at that time.

SOLID SUPPORT FROM THE "SHOW-ME" STATE

Talk about something making your day! We received a phone call from Gary Vass, President of the BMW Road Riders of Springfield, Missouri the other day. Gary just wanted to call us up and report that the BMW Road Riders of Springfield were 100 percent for ROAD RIDER. That's because each new member is automatically signed up for a subscription when he joins the club. Gary seemed rather proud of it...and so are we! In addition, Gary has gone to bat for us out thattaway, and has spread the RR word to some of the motorcycle dealers in the area. Thanks, Gary. We'll consider it a combination Christmas present and morale booster. Now then, if some of you other clubs aren't busy for the next few months, may we make a suggestion.....? [RR]

Many thanks to the beautiful
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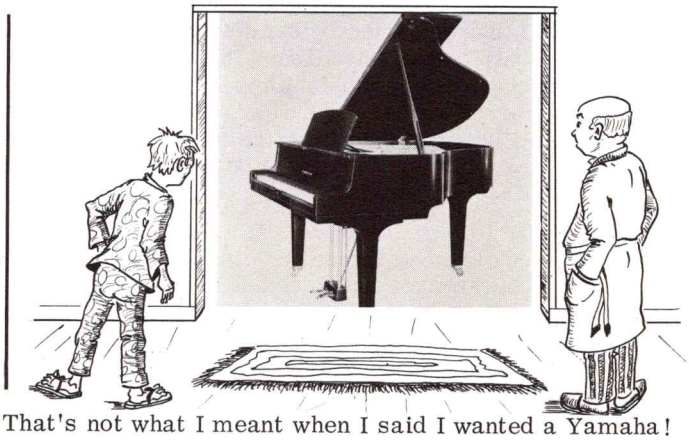


That's not what I meant when I said I wanted a Yamaha!

[RODE TEST]

IN 1921 AND 1922
GERBERICK AND KERLE
CONQUERED THE WEST
WITH A HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MODEL 20J.

HALF A CENTURY LATER
ROGER HULL
SET OUT --

On Their Trail

HE RODE A HARLEY-DAVIDSON
FX SUPER GLIDE

and here, 7,000 miles later, is his report ...on the bike and on the trip.

[Photos by ..
ROY H. KERLE and ROYAL F. GERBERICK
(from the collection of ALFRED H. FELDMANN),
and by TOM BEARD and ROGER HULL
plus various and sundry passers-by.]

Who said that Harley's FX Super Glide basically is not a touring bike?

Well, I felt that way when I first set about preparing for this Rode Test. I wasn't at all sure I wanted to sit on that funny (but undeniably good-looking) saddle for a considerable number of miles... and where the heck could I cart all my usual junk without a luggage rack or saddlebags? Nevertheless, for this particular trip is seemed logical to ride an FX.

Why? Well, fifty years ago R.H. Kerle and R.F. Gererick made their adventureous jaunt out of Topeka. I intended to repeat their route. Now, in 1921 (when they started out), they were aboard (and alongside of) the very latest model Harley had to offer. If I was going to follow their trail, it was only right that I do it on the very latest model Harley had in their line today. Back in July that was the Super Glide.

Okay. Decision reached. Misgivings admitted. More plans. First I abandoned any idea of a sidecar rig (although it would have solved my 'storage' problems). The idea was to wring out a super bike, not an extra-wheeled accessory (but it's an idea for some future issue). After a chat with Jim Wismer at Fullerton Harley-Davidson (where H-D stables its west coast test bikes), we agreed on a few items which wouldn't mess up the basic design too much, but would make the FX a little more practical for long-distance hauls.

So the test machine was equipped with a small, Sportster-sized windshield (not in the part books) which, in turn, had a small glove bag attached to it. There were front roll bars with high pegs, touring-style handlebars, and full Electra Glide saddlebags. To this I added a Cycle-Gard (test coming up on that item). Otherwise, it was a stock machine. Later on I did wish that I'd had them hang turn signals on it, too. And a couple of days after picking it up I discovered that Jim -- optimist that he is -- had failed to provide me with a set of tools. I got out my own and used them -- but not very often.

In addition to those accessories, the bike also had about 250 miles on it; almost broken in. The worst part for me -- that of riding at speeds under 40 or 45 -- was over. I ran errands and generally got acquainted with it for the next week or so -- and completed the break-in process before it was time to go bye-bye.

The day I picked it up, I looked it over and admired the view (as did many people along the way). It has been refered to as a 'factory chopper' but basically it's a semi-stripped 74 with a Sportster front end. This gives it a broad-shouldered yet neat appearance that is pretty dern sharp. After a brief question-and-answer session with Jim Wismer, I climbed on to start my first Super Glide.

For the uninitiated, the FX harks back to the Duo Glide days in that it is missing the electric starter. To make it go, you boot it. Now, I'm used to kicking so I kicked ...and kicked...and...

"Give it more choke," one observer suggested.

"You've got too much choke," another guy decided, "you'll flood it."

I stopped to get my wind back while I smoked a cigarette.

"Don't understand it," Jim said. "It's one of our easy starters." He climbed on, made some sort of mystic sign, set his right foot down smartly -- and the sound that came from that bike was magnificent. It's still one of my favorite features: An FX just plain sounds like anxious-to-go power.

Getting it started turned out to be a problem from time to time. I've heard FX jockeys who -- after considerable experience with the machine -- still wonder "Is it going to start this time?" It's a common gripe about the machine, but it can be healed and I'll come to that later. But for here I'll just admit that I had problems which decreased as I learned the correct combination of priming, choke and throttle, then increased as -- like I said, I'll get to that.

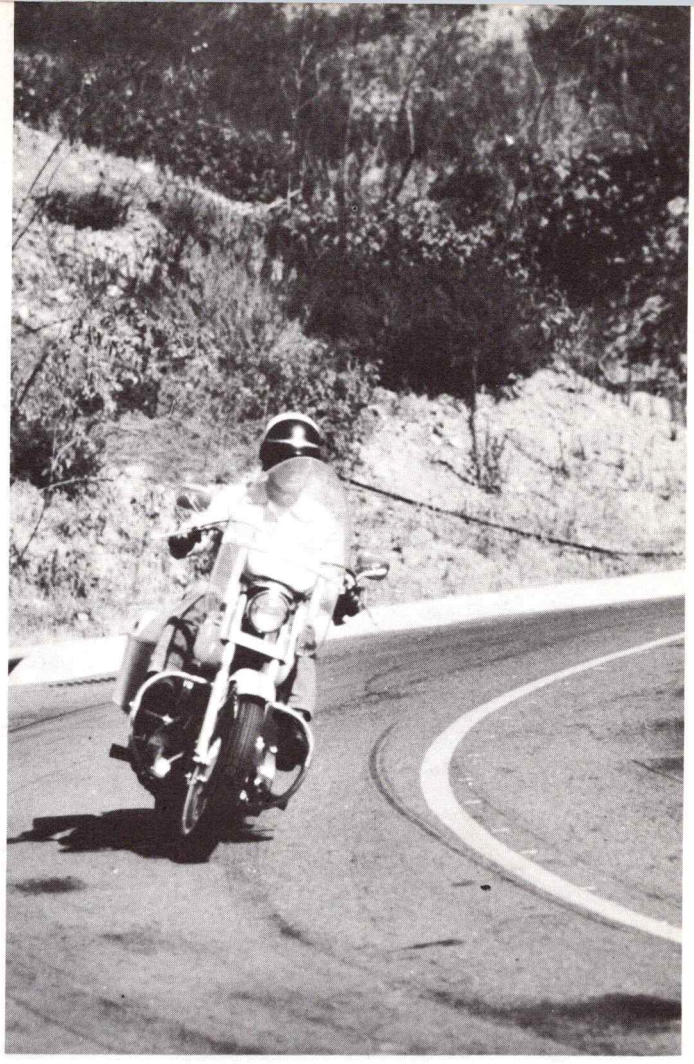
The Kerle-Gerberick trail covered all parts of central and southern California. They were in the area from October, 1921, until July 1922. During that time they traveled just about every passable road between San Francisco and San Diego--including the old Laguna Canyon road. I figured I'd pick up their trail right in front of the office and follow their route back to Topeka; then I would cover the first part of their trip as I returned.

I planned to take along about 40 of their snapshots in hopes of finding some of their old sites and photographing the Super Glide where their Model 20J had been. I finally got everything together (after a delay caused by printing problems on the Anniversary Issue) and hit their trail about midnight late in July. I was leaving California fifty years after they had left Topeka and I was already pressed for time ...but I figured that FX would help make it up.

Any early problems I had kicking it were more than offset by the way it handled -- beautifully. And it accelerated like a turpentined jack rabbit. One crank on that throttle and zippp...the speedometer needle went right over the top and down the other side. For a 1200 cc machine, it really steps out. Response is immediate and rapid. Even when setting on 70 or so, a slight throttle twist and the bike is going faster than the rider. Manueverability? It's throw-around-able. For those who are convinced that anything weighing upward of 500 pounds is ponderous, put it on a FX and cut a few corners. Its agility in traffic is surprising.

But I still had to find out just how comfortable that pretty, long, ridged saddle would be when I was parked on it from sunrise to sunset. And that's what was on my mind when I found my way to what is left of Highway 66 and headed up Cajun Pass toward Barstow.

July and August can (and usually do) bring 100-degree-plus night time temperatures to that high desert country between Barstow and Needles. The air was somewhere close to that but it made for comfortable riding nevertheless. On the more deserted strips of the Interstate I encountered my first malfunction. The high beam flickered. Low beam was fine. Finally I settled for low beam and



stopped playing with it. Probably just a loose connection. But I had another night problem: The speedometer dial light reflected in that little windshield, creating a glaring bar of light right across my view of the road. Part of the problem was that the windshield was set too high for me. The rest of it I never did resolve.

About half way between Barstow and Needles, that low beam picked up some sort of hulk ahead. It was at the side of the road and it looked like a cycle. I flipped the flickering high beam on and slowed. It was about three o'clock in the barren morning and some poor biker was stranded out there in the desert. I stopped. He had a 450 Honda loaded with camping gear and luggage. The rider was fiddling with cords.

"Trouble?" I asked.

"Nope. Just rearranging. Things were shifting and I didn't want to lose anything."

We talked for a few minutes. He, too, was headed east. Oklahoma. My route went through that state, too, but he planned a more leisurely trip than I did. A quick goodbye and I went Super Gliding off in search of the dawn.

I found the first feeble traces of it as I descended through the boulder-like hills into Needles. Gas stop and on to the Colorado River and Arizona. The night was retreating into canyons and hiding behind the hills now. As I crossed the river, I spotted something recognizable from the old snapshots. It had been a bridge 50 years ago -- now it carried pipelines across the river. I didn't stop for a photo; it was still too dark.

I'd been riding for about six hours when I stopped for breakfast in Kingman. So far I had experienced none of the expected discomfort from that saddle. But it felt good to sit on something that didn't vibrate so I dawdled over coffee, bacon and eggs before hitting the road again. When I did, the bike was still warm and it started on the first kick.

One of the old photos had been taken in Williams. It showed the railroad station complete with the name of the town. There was no debating the site. As I came into Williams, I stopped for gas, showed the photo to the attendant and asked if he knew the building.

"Can't say that I do. But tell you what. You go over to the feed store and talk to Mr. McLean. He's an old timer. He can tell you."

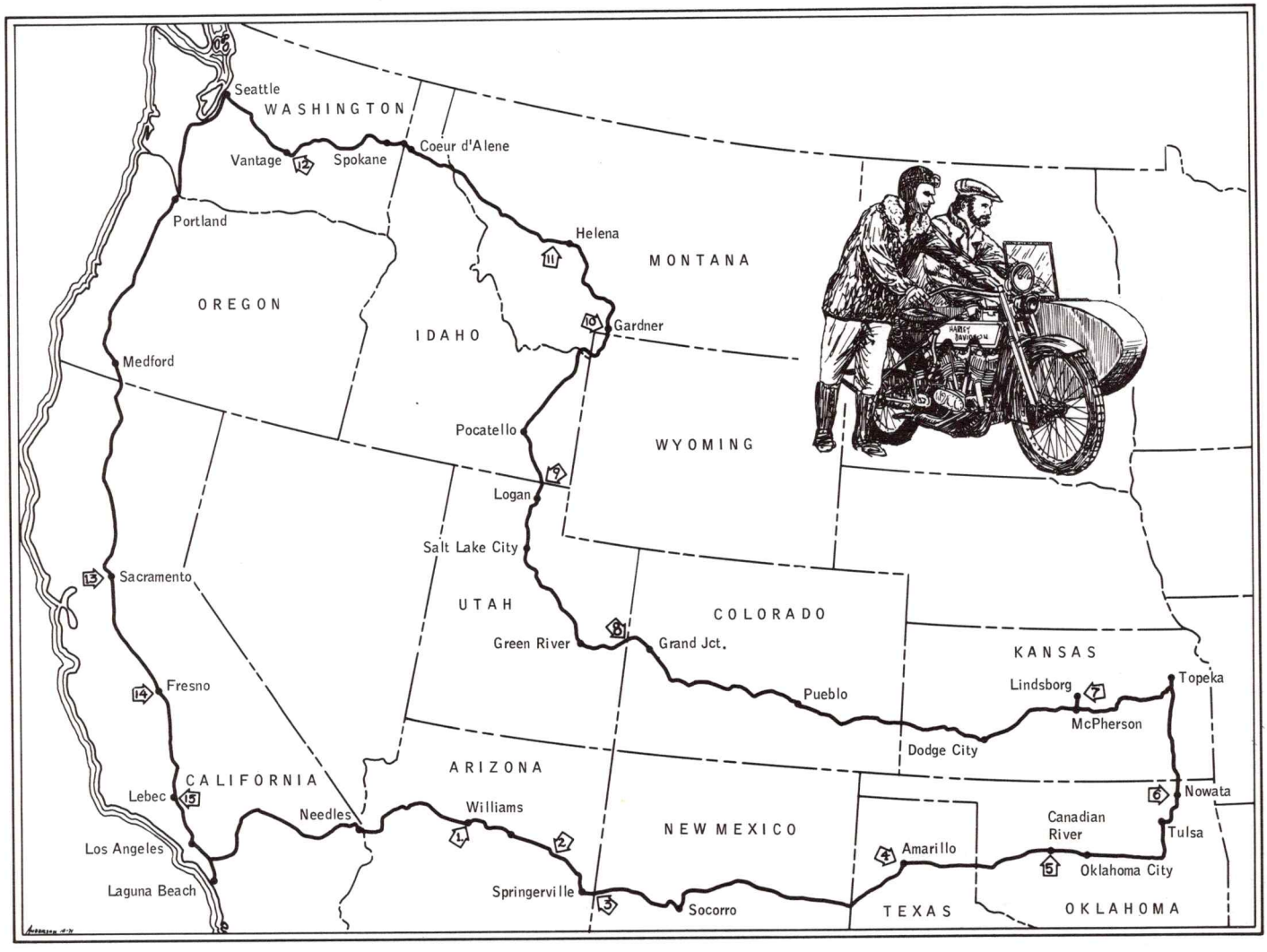
Obviously Mr. McLean gets very few customers on cycles. He gave me one of those 'not-quite-sure' looks as I entered. I explained my quest and showed him the photo. "Is there any chance that it's still standing?" I asked.

He looked at the picture again, frowned, and then walked slowly across the store to a back door. He opened it and pointed across the way. "That it?"

Where Kerle and Gerberick had posed was now a section of railroad track. I parked the FX on the other side and with the help of some men working there (it's a store house today), I got my first fifty-years-later photo.

I planned to get the second one in Flagstaff. "In front of the Court House at Flagstaff" was how the photo was labeled. When I got there, I found the label was wrong. I had missed it. Actually they had been in front of the Court House in Kingman, some 165 miles behind me.

As noon rolled around, I began to become aware of that saddle. Although I had been off the machine for a couple of extended periods, my more-or-less un-upholstered rear-end was starting to ache. I decided I could endure it for another 100 miles or so into Holbrook. But by the end of my travels I'd concluded that 300 to 350 miles is about the limit for full comfort on that saddle. After that, it got to me.



Fifty years after Royal F. Gerberick and Roy H. Kerle made their extensive trip around the western states, RR Editor Roger Hull repeated their basic route as shown here; none of the side trips are included. Whereas Kerle and Gerberick departed from Topeka, Kansas, Hull picked up their trail in Laguna Beach, repeating the last part of their trip first and vice-versa. Numbered arrows indicate the sites of the 'Fifty Years Later' photos and are keyed to the pairs of photos on Pages 45 through 54. (Map drawn by Robert Anderson)

Winslow and lunch -- and another missed chance to get another photo. "That's south of here," the waitress said as she looked at the old snapshot. "Road went that way years ago. We used to swim there when I was a kid. I suppose you might get down to it, but the road hasn't been maintained in years."

I'm not a trail rider -- particularly on 1200 cc of brand new test bike. I decided that one would have to go unphotographed.

By Holbrook I had clocked off 14 hours and I was tired. After unloading the bike, I checked it over. I still had that headlight flicker but since I wouldn't be doing much night riding for the next couple of days, I'd rely on the low beam. I lowered the windshield. The chain was a hair loose -- but not enough to bother tightening. Battery was up to the top in spite of hot weather and a long ride. Oil? Right up to the proper level. (And easy to check with that side dip-stick.) The bike was reasonable clean -- a little road grime but no oil except for a fine band across the inside of the CycleGard, thrown there from the chain. The pipes had started to turn blue, but there wasn't much to do. I was pleasantly surprised -- I'd expected to spend about half-an-hour fiddling and adjusting.

While eating an early dinner, I calculated the gas mileage and tried to ignore a freak thunderstorm outside which dumped a lot of hail with the rain. Those gas figures couldn't be correct! I added it all up again and worked it out a second time. Same results. A little over 39 miles to the gallon. A big Harley getting that kind of mileage? The carb must be set too lean. That would explain the bluing of the pipes, too. When I returned to the motel (across the street with it's gutters full of running water), I checked the muffler openings. Light chocolate color -- maybe a little too light.

On the Bendix carburetor the low speed setting can be adjusted easily, but high speed alteration requires replacing the jet. During the next two days I reset the low speed adjustment several times with no visible results -- except I did make it a little easier to flood the engine when the bike was hot. The pipes continued to blue at a steady rate, the muffler openings didn't get any darker, and the gas mileage hung in there at 39 plus. (In Tulsa, Dutch Myer's boys finally convinced me that the carb had been properly set in the first place. They put it back to where it had been before I tinkered... and gas mileage went up to a shade over 40 miles per gallon.)

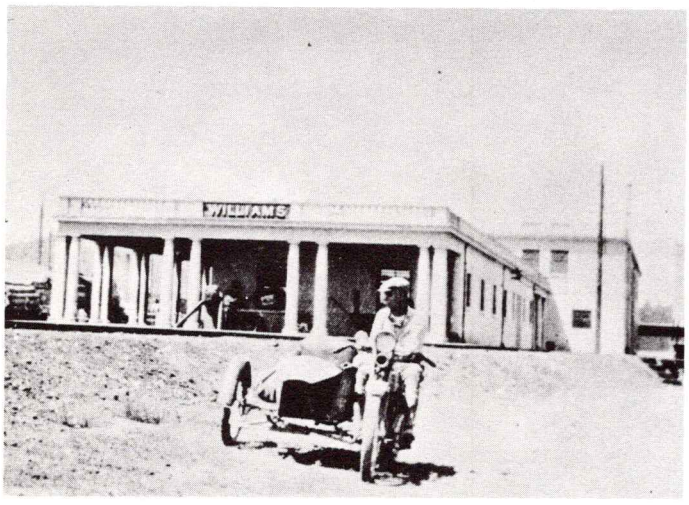
I figured the chances of my finding the same log that Kerle and Gerberick had photographed in the Petrified Forest were pretty slim. The Park entrance was less than an hour from Holbrook. As I entered, I asked the Ranger at the gate about the snapshot. He referred me to the Visitor's Center.

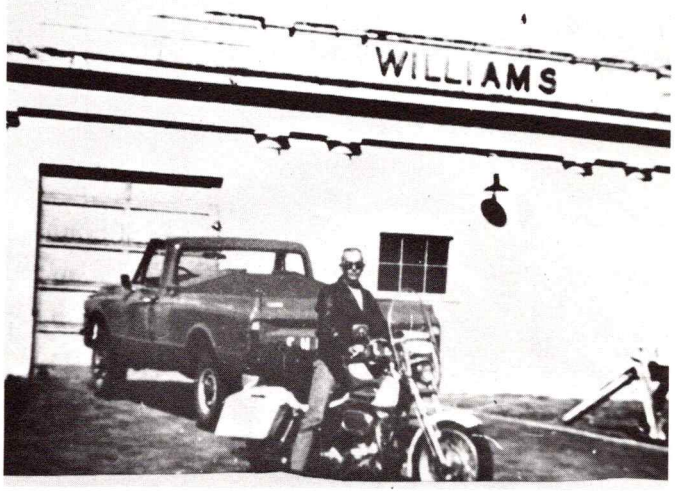
I rode into the parking lot, found an open space, shut the bike off and looked around. Then I made a grab for that old snapshot in the glove bag. Sure enough. Directly in front of me -- up on a small hill -- was the same log. I got out the camera and enlisted the aid of a family from North Carolina (they had a bike on their camper). They helped me get my photos -- and invited me for breakfast.

We walked up the slope to the big log. Fifty years ago Roy and Royal parked their outfit next to it. These days -- with little stone-lined paths and small fences, that is no longer possible. Nevertheless, I climbed up and sat where they had. As I perched there, I had a sudden eerie feeling that I was intruding. It was as if I were trying to sneak into somebody else's memories. It was a feeling which would return and grow in the course of the next couple of weeks.

Headed toward Springerville I hit my first detour -- dirt and gravel. Well I thought, that fits. After all, they spent a lot of time on detours fifty years ago. This one would have been a stretch of super highway for them. Then I saw another sign: "Detour Ahead." What the heck was I already on? I slowed a little more and, sure enough, there was a detour on the detour. Bridge under construction. The 'road' swerved to one side, dipped down a gradual embankment and -- it had rained last night -- plunged into mud and slowly flowing water. It emerged from the opposite side and returned to the regular detour. I hoped I would. I took a deep breath, crossed my mind, got my feet on top of the roll bars, and in I went. The water was about five inches deep and on top of an inch of mud. That FX handled it nicely. We forded right on through the mire and mud, stable as ever. That Sportster front end does tend to throw up quite a bit of spray and when I got through, I had messed up that pretty paint job.

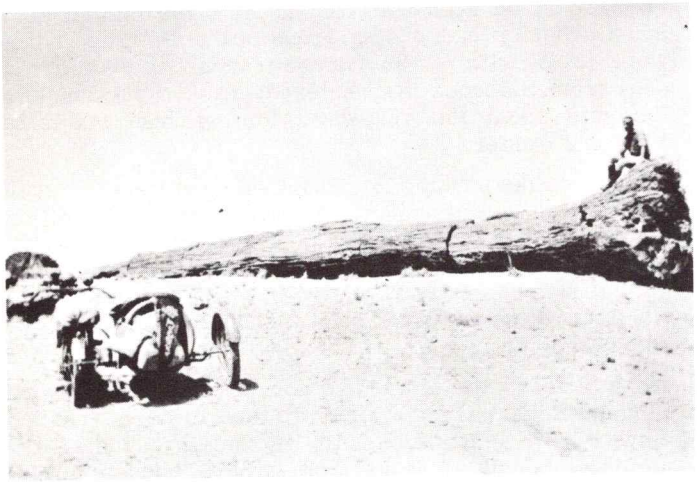
About that paint job... basically, the test machine was





1 These days it serves as a warehouse but it was the Williams, Arizona railroad depot in the early 1920's. Hull managed to get his first '50 years later' photo here, substituting the FX for the 20J. The bad reproduction on the 1971 photo is because he also managed to lose the negative later. An enlarged 'contact print' has been substituted

2 Fifty years ago Kerle and Gerberick parked their Model 20J Harley-Davidson next to a log in the Petrified Forest. Today that is no longer possible. If the log looks slightly different it's because it was hit by lightning about 1940.

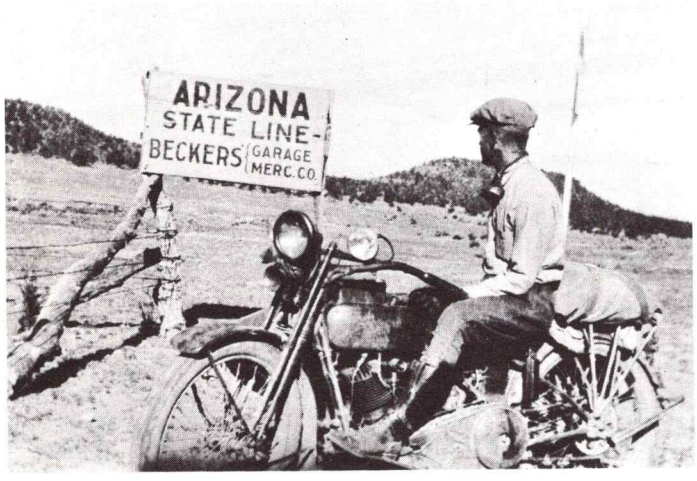


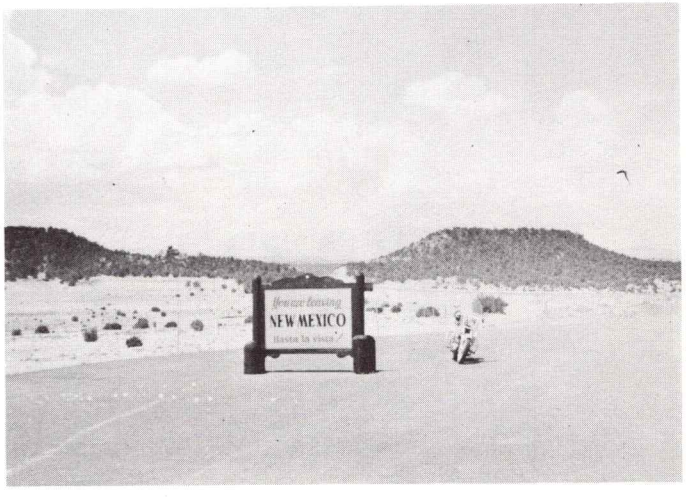
painted white. All the striping and second colors (red and blue) are plastic decals. In case of scratches, the decal can (with a bit of careful effort and some hot water) be peeled off. Replacement decals are available. So if the decal is damaged, an FX owner can 'repaint' pretty inexpensively. I had no problem with the decals loosening in do-it-yourself car washes, but I'd recommend a certain amount of care -- particularly if the water is hot.

(Harley's demonstrator colors for the 1971 FX were red, white and blue. I took along my Full Bore Touring Boots -- which have red, white and blue stripes up the front. When I first got them, I heard a lot of wise remarks about the decoration -- "good for wearing in Orange County, huh?" But if I may be permitted to plug an advertiser's product, those boots not only are practical and well-put together, they are wonderfully comfortable -- even the first time they're worn. What's more, wearing them while testing that patriotically-painted bike probably made me one of the country's very few color-coordinated cyclists.)

In Springerville I had a late morning cup of coffee. The next old photo had been taken at the New Mexico-Arizona border and I had my fingers crossed that today's road hadn't been moved too far. East of Springerville, I got to wondering just where it was that they had taken the short-cut down the dry wash. The snapshot had been made at the state line signs, so they must have been on the road at that point. I rode down into a shallow canyon. Across the way over on my right I spotted the remains of an old bridge. Leading from it was a skeleton of a road; hardly more than a scar across the floor of the canyon. It crossed the road I was traveling and wandered up the side of a hill to the north, then disappeared into some scrub growth. I rounded a small hill and there it was again -- just a trace of a track; all that was left of their road. It was straight now and headed toward the road I was on... and they met right at the state line. I pulled over to the sign and got off. Pulling out their old photo, I looked -- and my hair suddenly straightened. There was the same hill, the same rocks, the same background. And I had inadvertentally parked the FX in almost the same spot where Royal's Harley had rested.

I had covered three or four days worth of their traveling by evening when I pulled into Clovis. I got a motel and checked out the bike. This time I tightened the chain (a chore I performed only four times in the course of more





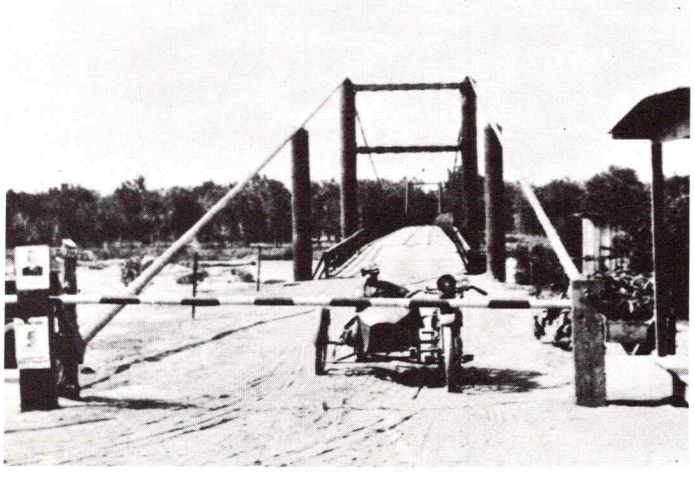
3 The Arizona hills in the background remain unchanged by the passing of half a century. The present road cuts to the left of the scrub-covered mesa. Kerle and Gerberick's road passed it on the right. State line signs were 'sponsored' in those days -- and Becker's Garage is still open for business in Springerville, Arizona.

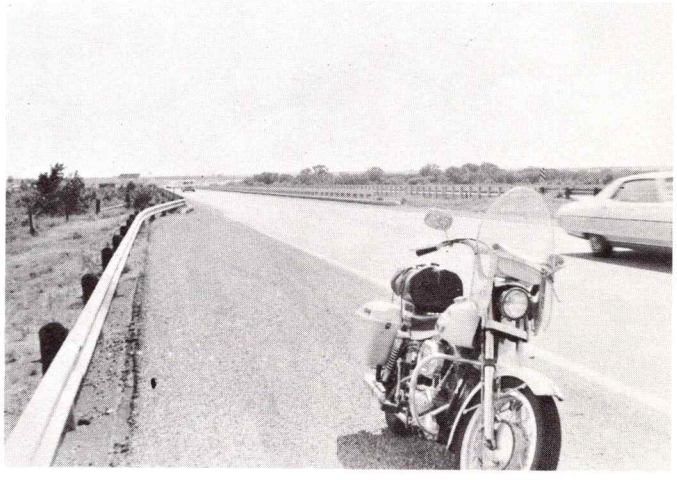
4 Gerberick (in sidecar), Kerle and David 'Speedy' Boggs posed in front of Amarillo's Santa Fe depot. Recent alterations to the building and surrounding area included a paint job for the lamp posts.

than 6,000 miles). The oil level was still up (during the entire trip, oil was changed three times and I added only two additional quarts). All in all, I found the Super Glide remarkably light in the maintenance department. I suppose that in the case of the FX, some Harley comparisons are in order inasmuch as the Super Glide is part Electra Glide and part Sportster. While my touring experience on a Sportster is somewhat nil (a situation I'm planning to change soon), I have a lot of time in Duo and Electra Glide saddles (either of which I prefer to the fancy fendered seat which, by the way, is being dropped from the 1972 version). Anyhow, it seems to me that the FX requires less attention than either of the other Glides. This remains true even when taking the age and/or newness into consideration.

On the other hand, I was tired that evening in Clovis -- and slightly addlebrained. That was mostly because there had been winds (cold for the season) in New Mexico that day. That little windshield doesn't hack it in wind. It's too narrow and as a result the rider sits right in the burble if there is a stiff breeze. Ergo, he gets the hell buffetted out of him. I'm not one of your big wind fans, anyhow, and that constant slap-slap-slap wore me down.

Also, some of my weariness came from the vibration. Let's face it -- the FX does vibrate. And that vibration is accentuated via a couple of design features. Footpegs allow more of it to reach the rider through his legs than foot boards do. Then there's my unfavorite feature again, that funny saddle. It doesn't make use of Harley's usual centerpost suspension. It is attached to the frame and thereby transmits additional vibrations to aggravate the situation. Third thing -- it seems that each FX has its own 'resonance frequency'; a band across part of the speedometer dial where it tends to vibrate at its maximum. In the case of the test machine, it started to settle my socks at about 55 miles per hour and made the rear view mirrors useless until it got above 70 or so. At faster (or slower) speeds, the ride was considerably smoother. FX owners have told me the same thing -- there's a span of about 20 miles per hour wherein the vibration increases. On the low end, one reported it as starting around 35 mph while 70 mph was the highest I ran into. Bikers who abhor vibration aren't too apt to fall in love with a Super Glide. Others will adjust (as I did). But the smart ones will compromise by dumping the frame-mounted saddle for one with centerpost suspension, and doffing the foot pegs for foot boards.





5 A toll bridge had replaced the ferry by the time Kerle and Gerberick crossed the Canadian River in Oklahoma. Today nothing remains of the old bridge and most local residents are unsure as to exactly where it was located. The Interstate crosses the Canadian River on a pair of unobtrusive bridges in 1971.

One more comment on foot pegs. Although I ran the test solo, I did haul complaining passengers a couple of times. The complaints came from the passenger foot pegs. With out saddlebags, everything is fine. With them, the peg placement doesn't permit enough space for 'heel hooking'. There is an adaption kit on the market which moves the pegs forward. Most Harley dealers stock them.

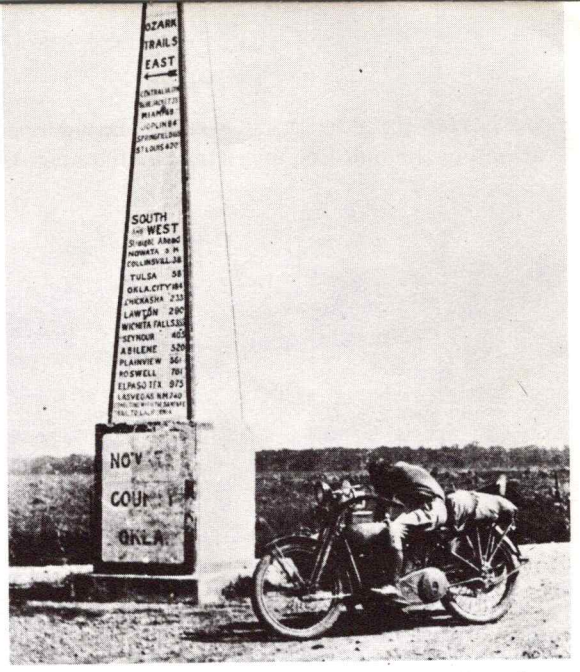
I left the Interstate in downtown Amarillo and set out in search of the Santa Fe depot. It's had a facelifting somewhere along the years, but it's still there. Santa Fe was on strike and I had to cross a picket line to get the FX up where Kerle and Gerberick had posed. Then I conned one of the strikers into coming off the picket line long enough to snap a shutter.

The afternoon dribbled away as I crossed the Texas panhandle into Oklahoma. As I approached the Canadian River, I began looking again. The Interstate crossed a pair of long unobstrusive bridges. I stopped and exposed a couple of frames of film, but I was hoping to find the remains of the toll bridge. Kerle's manuscript said it was at Bridgeport but the people around there told me it was near Calumet. I went on -- Calumet is a tiny town hidden away in an eddy of time. It still looks a lot like the 1920's. I found a garage and asked my question. The mechanic suggested I check with an old timer who was in the bar next door. In the bar they told me he had gone over to the pool hall a little earlier. In the pool hall they said he'd probably gone home, but one of the other men there looked at the photo.

"Yeah. Sure." he said, "It used to be down here on the river. Nothing much left of it now. Couple years ago I was down that way pheasant hunting and I ran across it. Just a couple of poles sticking out of the water. That's all that was left of it. Tell you what. Go over to the river and go down the side roads. You'll find it at the end of one of them dirt roads. Sorry I can't say for sure which one -- but you'll find it if you just turn down each road and go all the way to the river. It's somewhere -- if it's still there."

I looked and hunted and rode dirt roads for the next couple of hours...but either I couldn't find it -- or else there's nothing left of it today.

East of Oklahoma City I departed the Kerle-Gerberick route and jogged north to take a day out in Stillwater, my

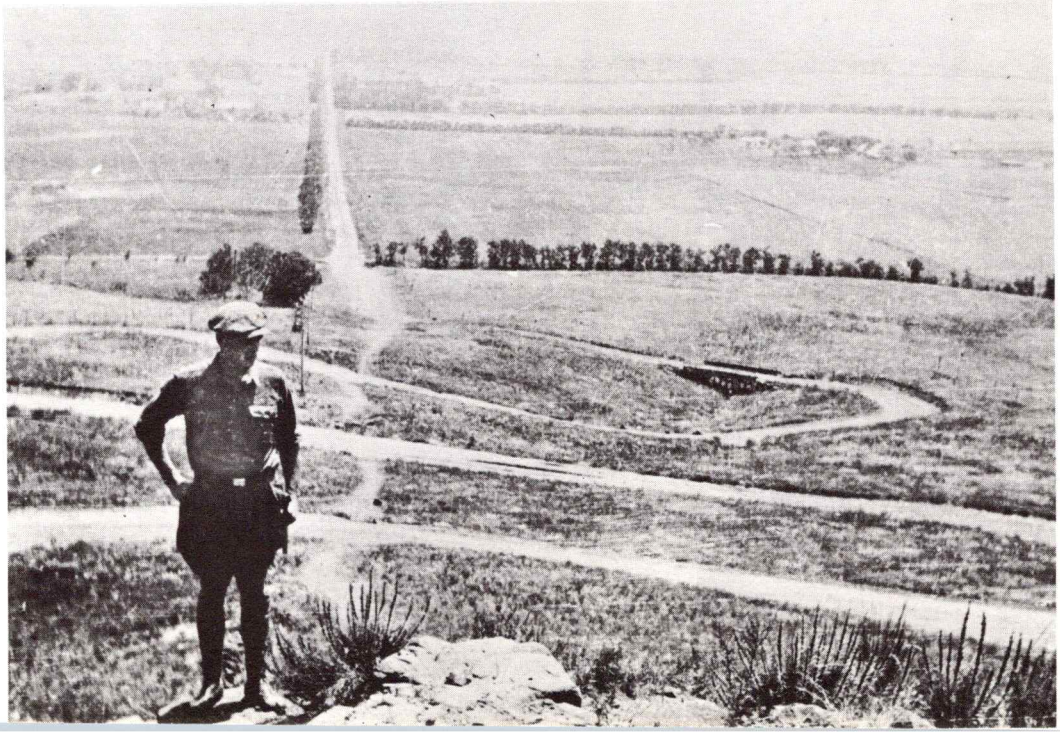


6 This road marker was an Oklahoma landmark...

home town. Then I picked up the trail again to Okmulgee and Tulsa. Boley, Oklahoma, is still there -- more friendly and less segregated than it was fifty years ago. Riding through that region I began to realize that roads in our country don't last very long. What I was traveling were once considered quite an achievement; now they are old, narrow, shoulder-less, cracked with with lots of chuck holes. Yet they had to have been built after 1921 -- probably most of them completed in the 1930's or even later. They're completely outmoded and worn out. Flat curves (some of them 90-degree ones). Even a few one-way bridges. But they had one advantage for me; they provided a dern good test of the Super Glide's maneuverability. I didn't take them at Interstate speeds, but I was very content with the way the bike handled.

In Tulsa I spent part of the day at Dutch Myer's Harley shop. I've known Dutch for a few years and when I walked in, he asked me what I was up to this time. I told him I was testing the FX by following the route established by a couple of guys who took an old Harley to California in 1921.

"Roy Kerle," Dutch said. "I knew him."



7 The old snapshot was labeled 'Near McPhearson in Kansas' but...

...and stood at this intersection until about 1960.

Dutch was the first person I had ran into who had known my old-time travelers. While the guys in the shop checked and serviced the FX, Dutch told me about his days as the Topeka Harley dealer.

The bike checked out fine. The high beam problem was a loose connection. Then I was on my way again -- and on more old roads. Now I was looking for a pyramid road marker. I knew where it should be; I had examined the photo and read the various distances listed on the marker. Then I checked the map. It had to be about a mile south of Delaware, Oklahoma -- on Highway 169 where Route 28 takes off to the east.

I didn't see it. The people in Delaware told me it came down when the road was widened about ten years ago. I went back to the intersection and took a couple of photos anyhow.

While I was aiming the camera, a short, cowboy type came striding toward me from a building under construction on the opposite corner. He was more than just curious as to why I was snapping photos. Seems he'd had a problem with one of the oil companies concerning his new service station and he figured I was there on their behalf gathering evidence for some sort of dire doings.

I laughed and showed him the old road marker photo.

He went up for grabs. "I wanted to buy it," he kept looking at the photo, "but I wasn't around when they tore it down. It was too big and too heavy to haul away so they knocked it over, bored holes in it, stuck in dynamite, and blew it to bits. I wanted to save it and put it up when I finished my station. It was a landmark around here for years. Since it's been gone I've been trying to find a picture of it -- been looking for years without any luck at all. Can I have this one? Maybe I can get somebody to make another one just like it for me."

Perhaps the next time I go past that intersection of 169 and 28 there will be a brand new 'old' road marker at the corner. I kind of hope so.

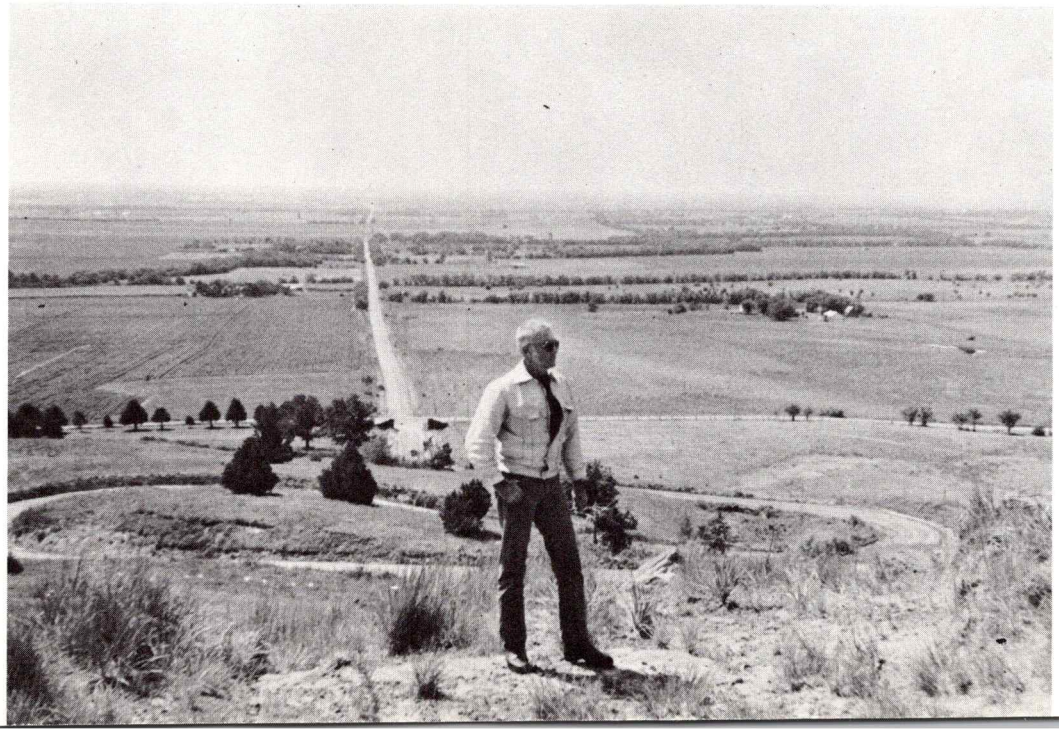
Hank Patterson, Topeka Harley, was out of town at a big meeting when I got there. Dutch Myers had told me a couple of other people to look up. I found Stan Newton at the Yamaha Agency, then a couple of other people who had known Kerle.

Just about every biker in Topeka had known Roy Kerle. Kerly, they called him, and he must have been a helluva man...a true loner, an avid biker, and somewhat of a mysterious character.

Kerle and Gerberick were born not too long after the motorcycle was invented. They just about grew up on cycles. Kerle stayed with bikes most of his life. Then in his mid-60's he finally hung it up. He took his collection of old bike photos and clippings down and give them to Hank Patterson. And that, it appeared, was finally the end of Kerle's cycling career. But, in 1967 at the age of 73, Kerle dug out his 20-plus year old war surplus Harley, cranked it up, and took off solo for Detroit. He made it there and back just like the good old days -- and he started making plans for realizing his dream. He confided to several friends that in 1971 -- exactly 50 years from the time he and Gerberick started out -- he was going to repeat their trip.

Unhappily, Kerle passed away in 1968.

On the other hand, I discovered that nobody knew Royal Gerberick. Oh, they knew that somebody had gone with



...after some searching, the site turned out to be a hill near Lindsborg, Kansas.

Kerly but shortly after they returned, Gerberick had disappeared. Even in his story of the trip, Kerle refered to him rarely by name -- usually as "my partner". Later (and with the aid of several Topeka residents), Gerberick turned up again. Today he lives in Huntington Park, California. The reason for his 'disappearance'? Shortly after he returned to Topeka, he went to work for a Ford agency. That was in 1923. What with those gleaming Model T's and all, he sold the sidecar outfit. As a result, Gerberick, a pioneer in the sport of cycle touring, hasn't ridden a motorcycle in 48 years. But he still regards that long-ago trip as the biggest event of his life.

Topeka biker Rex Landon (who provided an enormous amount of aid in researching the Kerle-Gerberick story -- not to mention a wonderful dinner) and I went out to the cemetary on an early August evening and found Kerle's grave. I stood there in the long Kansas twilight feeling cheated. Here was a man I would liked to have known. By then I had come to regard both Kerle and Gerberick as old friends.

The photo caption said: 'Near McPherson, Kansas'. It was a shot of Royal standing on a hill. As I came into McPherson I knew something was wrong. The country around there is as flat as week-old beer. Not a hill in sight. I checked with service stations, some people on the street, and finally a waitress in a coffee shop. None of them could identify the background behind Royal. Then an elderly gentleman at the far end of the counter asked if he could take a look.

"Hell, that ain't McPherson," he said. "That's Lindsborg. About 20 miles north of here."

Off I went. Coming into Lindsborg I could see a hill on the far side of town, but I couldn't find a way to get there. I saw a lot of Lindsborg, a pretty, tree-filled town with brick streets. Each of those streets I tried turned into a pasture or a wheat field when I reached the edge of town.

"Coronado Heights," the guy in the service station said. "Sure as hell. Coronado Heights."

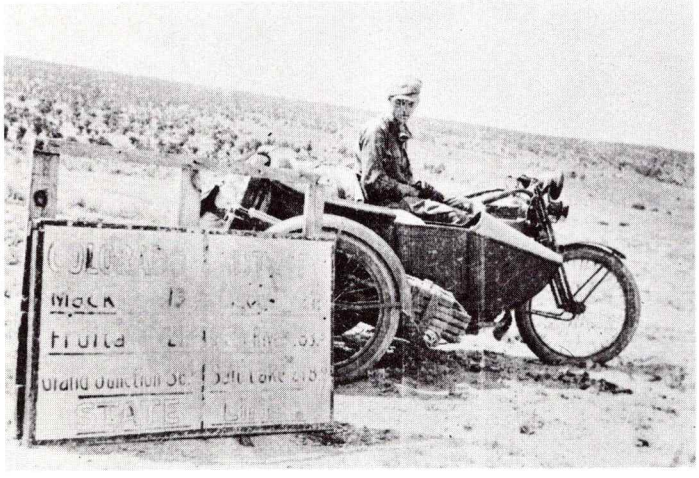
"Can't be." his wife argued. "Picture was taken in 1921 and there wasn't even a road up there until the WPA put it in back in the 30's.

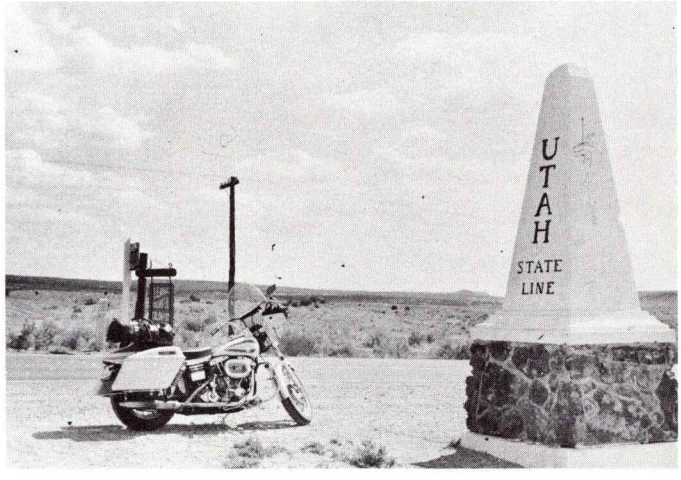
I managed to get directions to Coronado Heights and when I left they were still arguing.

So help me, the road up that hill was in better condition fifty years ago than it is now. Rocks and sand and ruts and holes. And I ended up doing a bit of trail riding on that FX after all. I made my way around holes and boulders until I reached what could have been a parking lot but looked more like a moto cross course. Now I knew why there was no cycle in the old photo. Too many boulders. It was impossible to get a big bike over to the edge. But the WPA had done some work -- built picnic facilities and a little stone building which housed the rest rooms. I took out my old photo and walked to the edge to check the view. The same straight road raced off toward the horizon; the same curves twisted up the hill. In the photo there was a wooden bridge; now it was made of stone. Monuments had been erected at the entrances. Some of the old trees were gone but new trees had appeared and matured since 1921. Then my scalp crawled again. I was standing on the same spot Royal stood all those years ago. But this time I felt less the intruder. More than anything else, I was saddened that he and Kerly were not standing there with me.

The roads I followed west across Kansas probably came closer to the 1921-22 route than anywhere else on the trip. As I rode those back roads (now, but once the major route), I kept wondering -- had that farm house been built when they passed? Was there a bridge here or did they have to ford the stream? That boarded-up filling station ...had they bought gas there? The FX had turned into a time machine and there were moments when it was not 1971, it was 1921. More than once I had a strange strong feeling that if I looked real quick there would be an occupied sidecar next to me. Somehow, the razor edge of time had dulled and blurred the usual clean cut division between Now and Then.

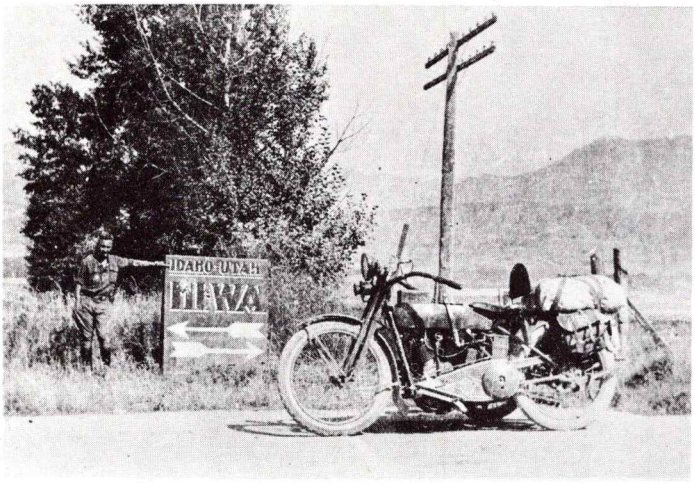
Then, late in the afternoon after crossing into eastern Colorado, the time almost became 'too late'. I got my chance to really test the brakes on that Super Glide. Reports I had heard and read bad-mouthed the brakes. I had discovered that while they weren't the best, they were much better than I had been lead to expect. Then, just before sunset, a jeep loomed out of the glare -- on the

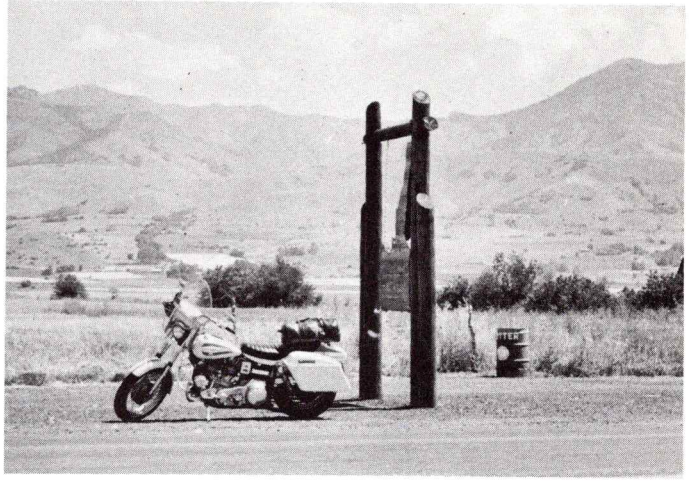




8 The Colorado-Utah border sign Gerberick examined is long since gone; replaced by fancier monuments. Even the the location of the road has changed. Today the highway passes several miles north of the old route in this area.

9 Today the state line marker is about 25 feet north of where Kerle stood in 1921. The trees are still there but are much taller. The telephone pole has been moved; a house built, but the mountains are changeless.





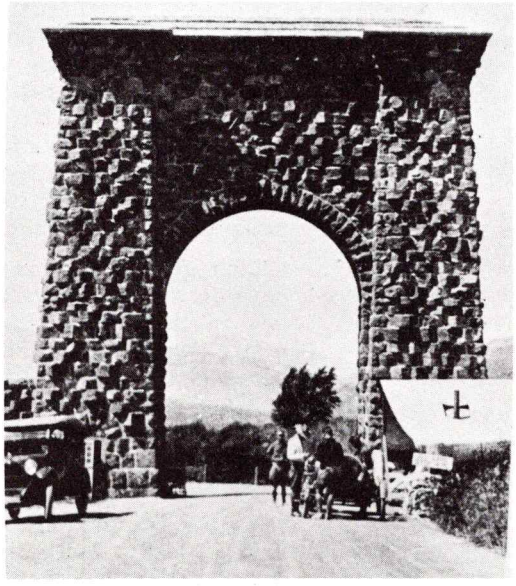
wrong side of the road and headed directly at me. I stomped and grabbed. The machine slowed down very quickly. But it wasn't the panic stop I could have used about then. The front brake, much to my surprise, was the better of the two, but they are less than adequate for the cycle. Part of this can be blamed on the rear brake linkage. There is a modification which will increase the leverage and thereby improve the rear braking. Most late model Super Glides have been modified. It's merely a matter of drilling a hole about a half-inch lower on the lever and re-connecting the linkage. Later I discovered this simple operation does a great deal to improve the rear brake...but there in Colorado I didn't leave much rubber on the highway -- just enough to swerve and miss that jeep by scant inches.

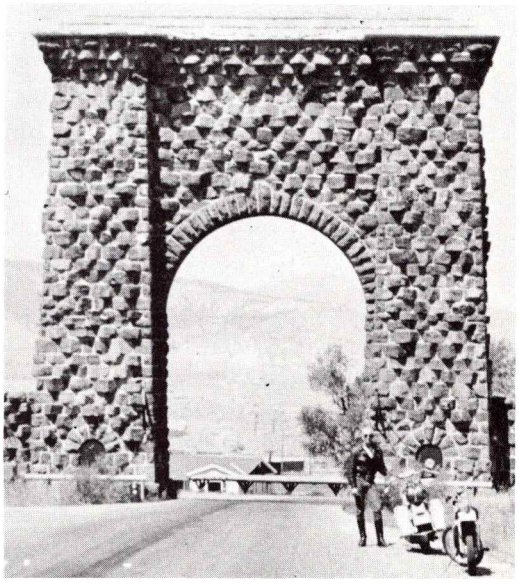
Out of Pueblo, Colorado, I departed the route in order to spend one day with the Pikes Peak Tour. Then, returning to the old route, I was back on the trail of 1921 again. The roads, of course, are completely different these days -- and people really are driving at least 50 miles per hour in the Green River, Utah, area -- just as they predicted. In Salt Lake City I goofed it. I photographed the Capitol building there -- thinking it had been renovated. Much later I discovered while talking with Royal that their "Capitol" was in Helena, Montana.

While waiting for a signal to change on my way out of town, the Super Glide suddenly coughed and before I could react, the engine quit. I flipped down the kick stand and kicked it. The light changed. I still kicked. Cars honked. I was busy kicking. The light changed back to red and so did my face as I got off and pushed that beautiful machine across two lanes of traffic to the curb. I'd had a similar problem while with the Pikes Peak group. This time it took about 15 minutes to get it going again. I was annoyed, but I hadn't reached Missoula yet; I didn't know what a real starting problem could be.

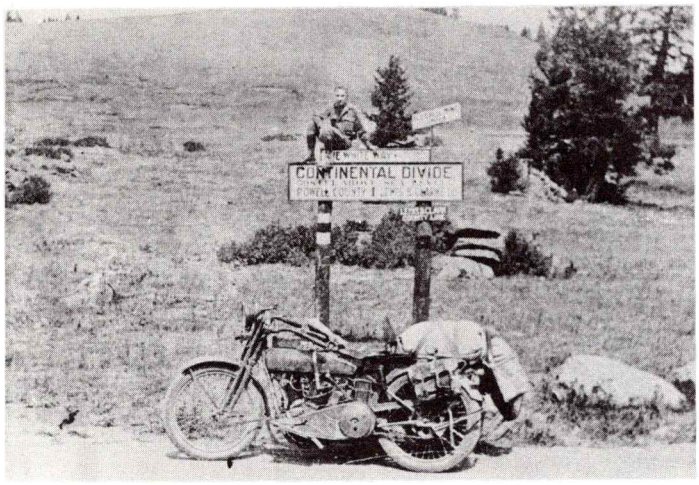
Kerle and Gerberick had selected their route wisely. The scenery was beautiful. I passed through areas in Utah which had sagebrush on one side of the road and cat tails and reeds in small ponds on the other. Their route took me through canyons and forests, across stream and river, and now the mountains always hovered in the background. The miles and days passed quickly. I had a slight starting problem again in Idaho Falls and in West Yellowstone. Going through Yellowstone was a chore -- I envied those who saw it fifty years ago. Today the park looks like the

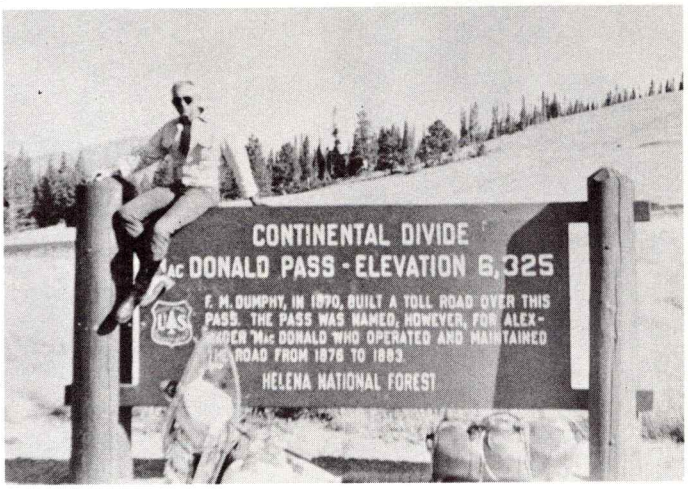
10 **Visitors who use the North Yellowstone Park entrance still pass through this old stone arch. A fellow biker (whose machine stands next to Hull's test FX) helped by snapping this shot of him.**





11 Kerle climbed on top of the Continental Divide marker west of Helena, Montana in 1921. Today the new sign is on the opposite side of the much improved highway. A passing motorist photographed Hull imitating Kerle's pose.




CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
MacDONALD PASS - ELEVATION 6,325
F. M. DUMPHY, IN 1870, BUILT A TOLL ROAD OVER THIS PASS. THE PASS WAS NAMED, HOWEVER, FOR ALEXANDER MacDONALD WHO OPERATED AND MAINTAINED THE ROAD FROM 1876 TO 1883.
HELENA NATIONAL FOREST

rear end of a camper or a house trailer, usually with a California license. I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

Leaving Yellowstone I went north to Livingston, Montana, and then headed west again. Montana has no day-time speed limit, so I decided to see just what that FX would do. And what it did was become the first Harley I've ridden to make full use of that speedometer face. I opened the throttle and the needle didn't stop until it reached 120. All my doubts about that Sportster fork are gone. I took the cycle up and down several times and never encountered a hint of weave or a wobble. The 'Super' in Super Glide is that fantastic acceleration so far as I'm concerned. The machine responded effortlessly...extremely quickly...and with perfect stability.

Okay, I figured, I've had a lot of civilian riders tell me that you can't ride a big Harley hot and heavy for any extended period of time. And I've had law enforcement bikers deny that. So there's no speed limit. So the temperature is hovering close to 100 degrees. So I'll see if I can ruin Jim's Super Glide for him. There is very little traffic, good roads, and towns are rare. I turned the throttle grip and...

...and for the next hour or so I cruised between 90 and 100 and occasionally even faster. On a few occasions I had to slow down while passing through a small town, but for the most part, I rode in the 100-miles-per-hour range for about 100 miles.

I don't think the bike even noticed. It didn't overheat. I didn't ruin anything. It just responded. The engine took it all with it's usual contented rumble.

And that is how I got to Missoula so quickly.

By now I knew I had a problem with that Bendix carb. It flooded. But whereas there had been no problem starting the machine when it was warm, I was now encountering a certain reluctance on the part of the bike -- and I was developing a haughty temper about the whole thing.

Gas station attendant in Missoula that evening: "What's samatter? Won't it start?"

Me with a sarcastic snear: "Oh, it'll start alright. I just like to kick it."

It was early morning in Missoula. I had shaved and was ready for breakfast. I went out, unlocked the FX, and made ready to start it. My usual techniques all failed. I kicked until I was kicked out, then I went away and packed my gear. I went back and kicked some more. Another pause while I loaded the bike -- no longer in the mood for breakfast. Then I kicked some more. I started to unload the bike -- then changed my mind and loaded it again. In between I did a lot more kicking. I even tried sneaking up on it and kicking it before it noticed. Nothing worked.

There was a bright new Electra Glide parked at the motel unit next to me. It had a special paint job and a Washington state plate. Nobody in that motel room took any notice of my plight, but I could have sworn I heard some giggling a couple of times.

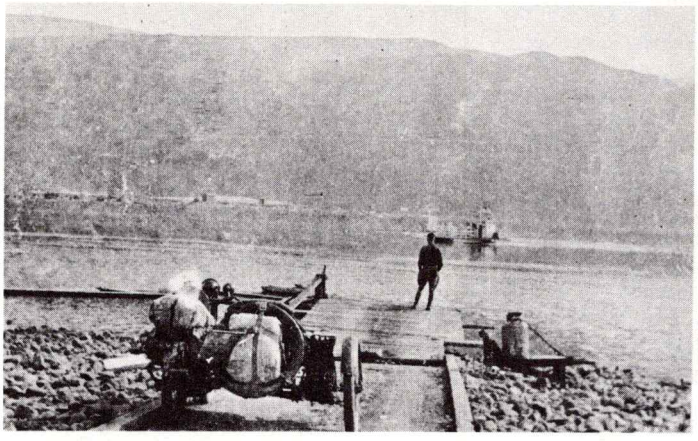
The damn thing had to start eventually. The more I fiddled, adjusted, and kicked, the further off 'eventually' seemed. By then I was throwing dirty looks at every light-weight that chattered down the street. I was ready to trade the FX for a Schwin and pedal home. Then, after an hour and half of kicking, I did something right and it roared to life. I put on my jacket and headed for Harley-Davidson of Spokane.

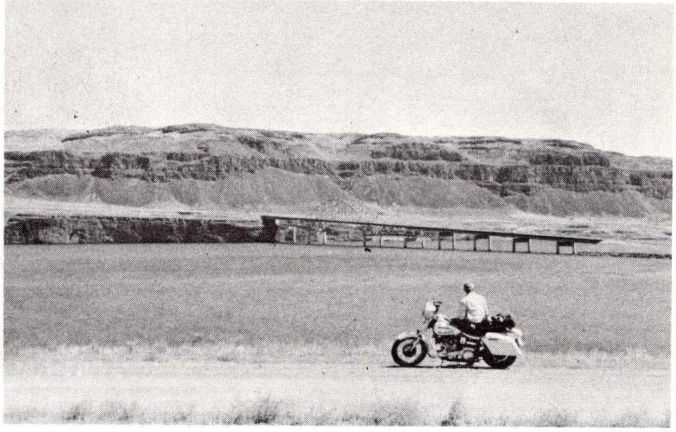
They checked it out -- and Ted, the shop foreman -- pointed out that I had a trio of problems. First there was the carb. It was a little out of adjustment but mostly it just plain floods easily because the float is too high. Next, there was the clutch. I didn't know that it was slipping slightly, but the result was that only about one kick in three actually turned the engine over. Finally, the teflon cam in the distributor had worn down. This left the points with a gap of about four thousands instead of the recommended sixteen thousands. All of this had combined to make it just about impossible to start the machine.

Clutch adjustment was no problem. The teflon cam has been discarded by Harley now, and owners who still have one in their distributor will decrease the chances of future grief if they'll change now. There is a carb modification kit...but they're hard to come by. The factory has been using them on all the later models so the new Glides shouldn't be bothered with the carb problem. Super Glide owners who have a kick about kicking should check for carb modification.

(Even without the carb mod -- but with the machine correctly timed, tuned and adjusted, I found it easy starting. After Spokane my problems disappeared. Often I lit the

12 In 1921, Gerberick and Kerle crossed the Columbia River at Vantage Ferry, Washington. Since those days a new dam has been contructed and there is a new town of Vantage...the site of their photograph is submerged now.





fire on the second or third kick when it was cold -- always on the first kick when it was warm. What's more -- and I want to point this out after all my earlier kicks about starting -- there were many times when I managed to first-kick start it on a cold engine. It can be done. I'll swear an affidavit.)

On across Washington where, at one point, the old route was now completely submerged, and into Seattle. Down through Tacoma to Portland. My time was running short but as the miles clicked off, the good weather held and the machine performed perfectly. The odometer was reading in the five-thousand-miles by now. From Spokane to Laguna, I didn't add a drop of oil. Gas mileage held at a steady 41.2 miles per gallon average, and I finally tightened the chain again in Fresno -- more to have something to do than because it really needed it.

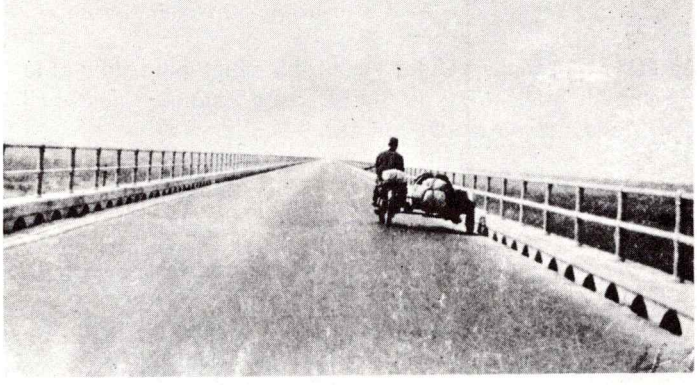
All during that last thousand miles or so, the FX was humming along without any sort of problems and I found I had become more and more aware of a vague presence accompanying me. I made the trip solo -- I thought. But the memory of two men I had never met grew as the miles went by. I became extremely aware of them and their adventure. Although most of the places I went were new to me, I often had that feeling of having been there before. Thinking it over later, I realized that I had 'lucked out' on finding those old sites much more frequently than chance should have permitted.

At Sacramento I left their original route. They had gone on to San Francisco and down the coast on their first trip into Los Angeles. Later they had made several trips back and forth -- so I picked up one of their later routes hoping to get a couple more photos -- at Fresno and the last one -- well, I knew I'd get that one. I had been past it many times. It was the Lebec Hotel on the old Ridge Route south of Bakersfield; a southern California landmark.

I pulled off the freeway at Lebec and headed down the side road to the hotel. What I found was a circular driveway and an empty space. The man at the service station down the road told me: "They finally tore it down three months ago." It was a disappointing finish to a fascinating trek. I parked the FX, exposed some film, and then went home.

Jim Wismer didn't get his Super Glide back for nearly another thousand miles. That made it a total of about 7,000. I wanted to check out that brake modification... and it definitely helps. But during the entire 7,000 miles, the bike was serviced three times (plus my occasional basic maintenance). All in all I probably ignored it more than any other Harley I've ridden.

Because it is basically that Electra Glide-Sportster combination, I've not mentioned some of the same features which enticed me into an earlier love affair (and detailed in 'Swineous Americanus', the Electra Glide Rode Test which appeared in RR for August/September, 1970). Briefly, I like -- the trip odometer (too often omitted on other touring machines), the instrument panel (everything grouped for quick reference), the transmission (shifts quickly and effortlessly), the battery (water level is al-



13 Near Sacramento, California there are large areas of land which are flooded by the Sacramento River occasionally. Most of the time the low-lying land is used for farming -- but long elevated causeway provide access to the city in cases of floods. The system has been in use for more than 50 years.

14 **A few years after Kerle and Gerberick were there, Van Ness was widened, became an Avenue, and the stone arch came down to make way for a 1930-ish modernistic one. Now Van Ness has ceased to be the 'Entrance to Fresno.' The old metal arch is still there, however, rusting quietly away in the industrial area of the southern part of town.**

ways visible), and the clean design (which makes it look like an honest motorcycle).

On the other hand, I'm less enthusiastic about -- the license plate holder (which can pull lose from that fiberglass fender, or so I'm told), the fluid leakage in the forks (which can bottom out, too), the headlight (which seems too susceptible to vibration), and the lack of a fork lock (which requires carrying a pad lock).

If I owned a Super Glide I would (1) fit it with a full Harley windshield, (2) replace the pegs with foot boards, (3) toss the saddle and stick on a solo, (4) hang a luggage rack and saddlebags, and (5) get a set of turn signals. Then I would almost have what I really want -- a brand new Duo Glide.

Thinking back, this particular trip means more to me than any I've made up to now. I discovered a different way to look at the country -- and I discovered that Kerle and Gerberick had a lot more guts than I've got. But I've been wondering -- what changes will the next 25 years bring? Let's see, this is 1971...if I did a sequel, it should be in 1996. Maybe I should contact Milwaukee now and put in my bid for their latest 1996 model...

But who said the Super Glide basically is not a touring machine?

Well, for one, I did. But that was quite a few months (not to mention 7,000 miles) ago.

Now, if you'll just hand me a knife and fork...and please pass the catsup... [RR]

SUPER GLIDE RIDERS...

...whatcha think?

More than a year ago, ROAD RIDER initiated a series of owner surveys by printing a questionnaire to be filled out by Duo and Electra Glide owners. (The results were compiled and printed as Rode Report No. 1 in the February/March, 1971 issue.)

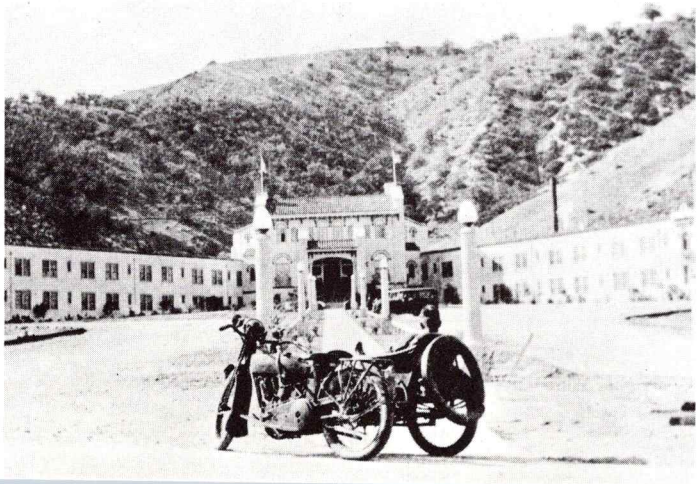
When that form appeared the Super Glide had just been unveiled and there weren't very many on the roads as yet -- at least not enough to make a survey valid. So, the FX was omitted from that first form. Since then a lot of people have been putting a lot of miles on FX's. If you own (or have owned) a Super Glide, we'd like your opinion of that machine.

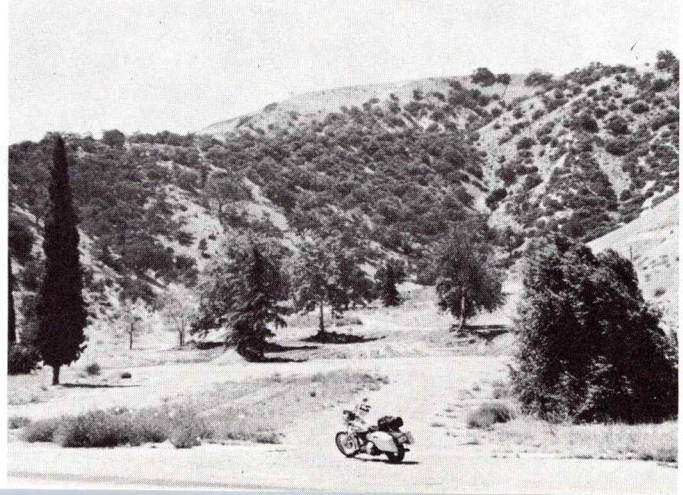
Just fill out the form on the opposite page (both sides) and let us know what you think. Mail it back to us at:

ROAD RIDER -- RODE REPORT
P. O. Box 678
South Laguna, CA 92677

...and please get it in the mail before Jan. 31, 1972.

15 **It was called the Durant Hotel in 1921 and was THE place to stay. In more recent years the wings on either side were torn down and then, in the spring of 1971, wreckers took over and the Lebec Hotel, once a famous southern California landmark, was razed. Today only the traces of the elaborate entrance remain.**





CUT HERE

RODE REPORT FORM -- NUMBER SEVEN
for the Harley-Davidson FX Super Glide

(Fill out this form by providing the information asked for in accordance with your experience. Please type or print legibly.)

1. Year of manufacture _____
2. Total mileage _____
3. Purchased new or used (Circle one)

   If purchased used, approximately how much mileage have you put on it? _____
4. RATINGS (Give a point score of from 1 through 10 according to your estimate of the quality. A rating of 1 point, for example, is very poor; 5 points is average, and 10 points indicates superior or near perfect.)

   _____ Overall Reliability

   _____ Comfort at Legal Cruising Speeds for Extended Periods

   _____ Tractibility (Low Speed Smoothness)

   _____ Accessibility (Ease of Maintenance)

   _____ Availability of Parts and/or Service from Dealers

   _____ Acceleration (Relative to Other Motorcycles in the Same Class)

   _____ Top Speed (Relative to Other Motorcycles in the Same Class)

   _____ Braking Ability

   _____ Paint and Chrome

   _____ Lighting Equipment
5. Top Speed: _____ Miles Per Hour
6. Gas Consumption: _____ Miles Per Gallon
7. Oil Consumption: _____ Miles Per Quart
8. Longest Single Trip Undertaken: _____ Miles in _____ Days
9. Best feature: _____

   Why? _____
10. Worst Feature: _____

    Why? _____

(Over)

11. Particular Difficulties Encountered: _____

12. How Would You Describe Your Relationship With Your Dealer? _____

13. Have You Customized or Chopped This Machine? _____
If so, how and to what extent? _____

14. Have You Had a Problem Regarding Accessories For This Machine? _____
If so, please explain _____

15. Approximate estimate of annual upkeep expense (not including gas and oil). _____

16. Miscellaneous Comments: _____

Submitted by: NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Number of years riding experience: _____ Years

Mail to:

ROAD RIDER - RODE REPORT
P.O. Box 678
South Laguna, California, 92677

(NOTE: If you own more than one motorcycle of the make covered in this Rode Report, please write us for extra copies of this form and use separate forms for each report.)

PLEASE RETURN BEFORE JANUARY 31, 1972

CUT HERE

[EDITORIAL]

backwaters of bias

The road between Ogden and Logan in Utah is a two-laned one. It passes over hills and through valleys and among some beautiful scenery. For a biker, it's a particularly beautiful ride.

I was enjoying it all until I came up on a small train of automobiles lodged behind a slow-moving car. A Passing Zone appeared, and all the autos got by. I got hung up on a No Passing Zone; right behind the car. It had Utah plates; a late model sedan, white, man and woman occupants. And he was driving about five miles per hour below the speed limit. I rode there waiting for a place where I could pass. When it finally came along, he had speeded up. I stayed where I was. Then as we started up a long hill and it was no longer possible to pass, he slowed again.

Sometimes I'm not too smart. I should have caught on then. Instead I got restless. The next time I had a chance to pass, he speeded up again and I twisted the throttle. That test FX leaped out and I zipped around him, then whittled back down to speed limit.

I glanced in the rear view mirrors and noticed that he had his emergency lights blinking now. I shrugged mentally -- some kind of a nut. Probably didn't like being passed by a cycle. Then the spotlight on his car turned around and came on. It had a red lens. I pulled over to the side of the road and stopped.

He pulled off behind me, reached down in the seat to get his official cap, put it on, got out and walked over doing his Rod Steiger imitation. He sort of sighed and flipped a badge at me.

"What's the problem?" I asked.

"You were going kinda fast when you passed me, weren't you?"

"Certainly," I admitted. "I passed you as quickly and as safely as I could. In most states it is permissible to exceed the speed limit when passing. I assume that Utah is no different."

"But you had no reason to pass me," he said smuggly. "I was proceeding at two miles an hour above..." he pronounced it with capital letters "...ABOVE the legal limit when you passed." Another sigh. "May I see your driver's license?"

Oh, boy, I thought, I fell right into it.

"As an Assistant Deputy," he was examining my license, "I'm usually not concerned with traffic violations. I'm concerned with larceny."

I got his point. "What you're implying is -- you think I stole this bike?"

Another hopeless sigh. "You have the registration for this machine?"

This is a test bike," I explained. "It belongs to the Harley-Davidson Company. Check the plates. What kind of an idiot would steal a bike, put manufacturer's tags on it, and take it into another state?"

Apparently he thought I was that kind of an idiot. "...the registration?" He had his hand out.

"You don't always have the registration when you test a bike. I don't have it on this one, but here is a number you can call." I offered him the business card that Jim Wismer had given me for just such an occasion.

"I'll do it OUR way." He led me back to his unmarked car where the woman, no longer camouflage, sat being busily disinterested. I don't know if she was his wife, girl friend, concubine, or, maybe, a fellow deputy in drag. (For 'her' sake, I sorta hope it was the latter.)

There was a lot of to-do with his radio. Then while we waited, he talked a little. Among other things he told me that he rode dirt bikes occasionally, but he wasn't one of these bums who take a motorcycle out on public roads.

That, I decided, was the clue to the entire episode.

Of course, the bike checked out okay. That was when he started calling me 'Mister'. When I was four years old and my Dad used that word in that tone of voice, I knew I was in trouble.

"You're free to go now, MISTER Hull."

"Fine. But before I do..." I returned to the bike and got my note pad out of the glove bag..."before I go, I'd like to know your name."

Hopeless sigh. "It was on my badge."

"Then may I see your badge again?" I was trying to hold down a mounting temper. This is the kind of harrassment that galls me; the kind of attitude that frosts me...and I didn't care too much for the entrapment approach, either.

He took out the badge, looked a little puzzled, and showed it to me a second time.

"Fine. Thank you." I wrote down the name. "Now, Deputy Douglas Boder, I will be writing up this bike for ROAD RIDER magazine...the December issue. I suggest you get a copy when it comes out...because your name is going to be in it."

Fortunately, Deputy Boder is an atypical cop. His species is not nearly so common as it once was. But more and more I am convinced that the anti-motorcycle prejudice is hanging on longer among law enforcement officials

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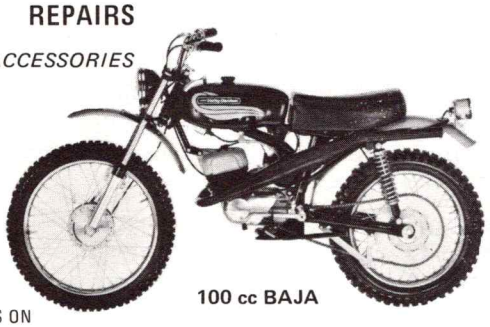

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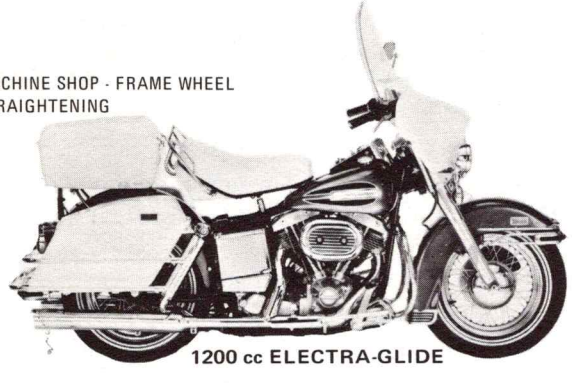

1200 cc ELECTRA-GLIDE

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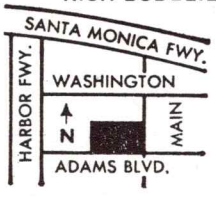

(and, perhaps, state legislators) than any other social group. During the 7,000-mile FX test, I had 'bad image' problems only twice...and both times it involved plain old-fashioned police harrassment of cyclists.

When a guy gets pushed around unfairly, he gets mad and reacts accordingly. An otherwise polite biker faced with a put-down attitude plus harrassement, is going to become the thing he is being harrassed for. Such an attitude on the part of a police official begats the stereotype. If men like Deputy Boder would temper their own bias, I think they would find bikers are considerably different than they picture them. But so long as they come on like a father chastising a four-year-old, they are going to breed antagonism, anger, distrust and, let's be frank, hate.

As I said -- Deputy Boder is not typical. However, he is representative of a type that all of us--bikers or motorists or other law enforcement officials -- can do without. So long as we have such backwaters of bias, the bad image is perpetuated.

End of editorial -- except for this: Leaving Logan in a 45 mph speed zone. a city-owned dump truck raced by me. It was followed immediately by a second city-owned truck going the same rapid clip. I was curious. I stepped up my speed to pace them for a few seconds. They were doing right at 75 mph in that 45 zone. I don't know where Deputy Boder was at this point, but I do know he didn't pass me in pursuit.

Two miles an hour above the legal limit, indeed!

--Roger Hull

If you're interested in eastern motorcycle sporting events, then CYCLE SPORT is the magazine for you

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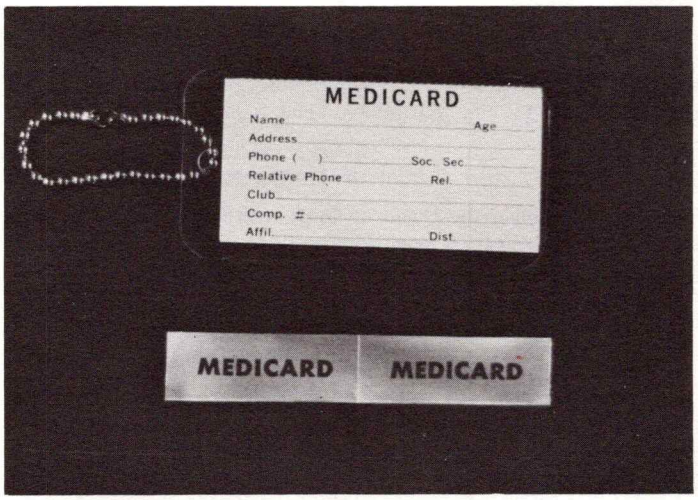
Product Tests



MEDICARD

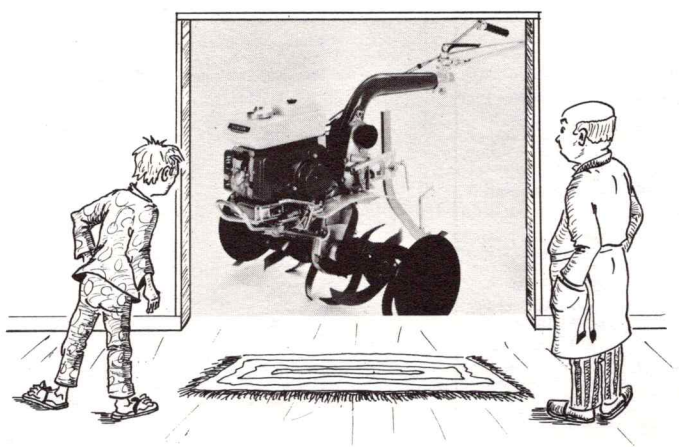
Do you know that many minor accidents become serious and result in major permanent damage or death because the attending medic or physician knows nothing of the victim's medical history...or often the victim's name or next-of-kin?

Now that I have one of the new MediCards, I can only wonder why somebody hasn't thought of this before. The MediCard kit contains a printed card upon which you list all important information such as your name, address, next-of-kin, emergency telephone numbers, and a brief medical history including allergies, blood-type, and current illnesses. In addition to the card, the kit contains a small, hard-plastic carrying case and a chain by which the MediCard can be attached to one's clothing. And the truly final touch is two small decals to be applied to your helmet and bike advising that you have a MediCard.

Applications for MediCards are available from MEDICARD, 9250 Del Arroyo Drive, Sun Valley, Calif. 91352. The kit sells for $1.00 each (with discounts for clubs and larger quantities).

I have often said that the best dollar you can spend as a motorcyclist is by joining MORE, but now I must retract that. Whereas your dollar to MORE will only save motorcycling, the dollar for MediCard may save your life.

[Russ Sanford]



That's not what I meant when I said I wanted a Honda!

DRAGER'S "SNAP-ON SHIELD"

Winter Protection for the Guzzi

Guzzi owners might be interested in a new product developed by Seattle Moto Guzzi dealer, Jeri Drager. Jeri's "Snap-On Shield" fits neatly over the stock Ambassador roll-bars, providing surprisingly good protection to the rider's legs when the going gets cold and moist. The splash-guard is made of vinyl-coated nylon, and is attached to the bike by means of one-way snaps.

In heavy southern Oregon rains, the splash guard snap-on proved its merit. In fact, just for kicks -- to see what it would really do -- I stripped off my rain pants and rode something like fifty miles in a downpour without any protection except the fairing and Drager's "Snap-On". Result: a narrow band of damp at the knees, and my boots were wet where they stuck out below the shield.

The biggest job the rain guard performs, is to protect you from secondary splashing from the fenders, tires and front forks. If the truth be known, this is how you get the wettest. Also, the splash guard keeps you dry after the rain quits. No more riding in the sunshine while your tires pick up the water remaining on the street and throws it at you. Cold weather protection is excellent. The shield not only keeps the cold air from getting in, but allows those cylinders to warm you up toasty. In short, the Drager "snap-on" does its job. And when the sky turns friendly again, you simply unsnap it, fold it up and stash it with your gear. It fits in the Guzzi tool case (if you have an empty Guzzi tool case), or any place in your duffel where a minimal space is available.

Couple of things to watch out for. Be careful when installing or removing to keep the material away from the hot header pipes. The vinyl burns easily and sticks to the hot metal. And secondly, it would not be a good idea to leave the rain guard in place if the weather turns warmish, since it does inhibit air flow to the cylinders. But the ease of removal shouldn't make this much of a problem. All in all, the product seems worthy. It's available in black or white, sells for $12.95, and can be mail-ordered from:

DRAGER'S MOTORCYCLE CO.
1207 Dexter Avenue North
Seattle, Washington 98109

[R. L. Carpenter]

(LETTERS - Continued from Page 3.)

The temptation for the confirmed road rider to go Guzzi is overwhelming. Every article written about the 750 cc Ambassador has praised it to the sky. I had no choice but to disown my Big Blue Hog and adopt a Black Goose.

My problems began on the dealer's driveway. Having finalized the deal, I mounted up to head home. The Guzzi ran on one cyclinder most of the way. This problem was quickly solved with the installation of new secondary ignition wires. Next it was a new starter solenoid that was needed and I'm still waiting for it after three months. And I'm waiting for bags and a fairing, too. It seems as thought parts and accessories for the Guzzi are simply not to be gotten. At 3,000 miles the timing gears went. The front crankshaft seal had to be replaced...oil leaks...the front brake works after a fashion; the rear cannot be locked at any speed. My Guzzi burns about a quart of oil in 100 miles...the fuel reserve system is good for about 2 miles...the speedometer needle fluctuates so badly I can only guess my actual speed.

I could go on, but why bother. That in a nutshell is the story of my Guzzi...my push-start, oil-burning, oil-leaking, bagless wonder. The bike has only 3,500 miles on it. Because of the problems I've had, I've lost a whole summer of riding pleasure. Before the snow falls, I'll be back on a good ole Milwaukee Monster.

Joe Schmidt
Mt. Prospect, Illinois

FINAL (?) WORD ON THAT BMW ODOMETER THING

I have just read the April/May, 1971 issue of RR. Under Letters on page 60, Al Hayes says that a BMW odometer is driven from the front wheel. I am starting my 22nd year with BMW and all odometers are driven from the gear box, even a 1927 R42 which I have restored.

R. E. Beasley
Camden, Ohio

...(Before anybody questions Mr. Beasley's statement, it should be pointed out that his letter arrived on stationary which carried this letterhead: R. B. Motors; BMW Sales and Service. Shall we consider the matter resolved?)

BRIDGING A COMPLAINT

How many kicks have you had on this? There is no such thing as the Hood River Canal Bridge. It's either the Hood Canal Bridge (in Washington) or it is one of the several Hood River Bridges in Oregon. What you've got on page 48 (October/November) is the Hood Canal Bridge.

Mr. & Mrs. Lester V. Black
Longview, Washington

...(Do you mind if we take the 'long view'...and cross that bridge when we come to it?)

A FEW MORE KIND WORDS

My neighbor had had a subscription for about three months and yesterday he gave me something -- your address. He also said that if I didn't use it within a week, my access to his ROAD RIDER would be cut off. So to keep from starting a Civil War and to keep a friend, I decided to use the address. Both my wife and I enjoy your magazine very much. Thanks again for the best cycle mag on the stands and may the sun shine on all the roads you travel.

Roy G. Head
Enid. Oklahoma

Your magazine is what the touring cyclists of the U.S. of A. have needed for years. Keep up the good work.

Mr. & Mrs. T. Kallas
Reading, Pennsylvania

Those RR's are mighty popular around this house. So popular that when our riding friends come over to see us, they usually end up with their heads behind your magazine and forget to talk to us. Not even the wittier TV commercials can budge them.

George and Thelma Ware
Grosse Ile, Michigan

I was going to subscribe three or four months ago when I first saw a copy. I liked it so much I loaned it to a friend. He took it home where his 18-month-old son ate it. As a result I didn't have your address until I spotted an ad in CYCLE WORLD. I'm looking forward to my subscription starting ASAP!

Vernon G. McKenney
Garland, Texas

I would like to say that everyone knows you have a good magazine, but do we have to read four or five pages of it in every issue? No other complaints.

T/Sgt. Franklin N. White
Northridge, California

...(Use of 'Kind Words' in this column is more by way of appreciation than bragging. We can't possibly answer 'em all anymore and take this means to thank just a few of the people who have used their time to write us. However, don't be surprised if Sgt. White has just had the last word on the subject.) [RR]

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of Publication
   ROAD RIDER
2. Date of Filing
   September 30, 1971
3. Frequency of Issue
   Monthly
4. Location of Known Office of Publication
   P.O. Box 678, South Laguna, CA 92677
5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers
   754 South Coast Highway, Laguna Beach, CA 92651
6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor
   Publisher - Roger Hull, 25291 Tuna Drive, Dana Point, CA 92629
   Editor - Roger Hull, 25291 Tuna Drive, Dana Point, CA 92629
   Manager Editor - None
7. Owner
   ROAD RIDER magazine, 754 S. Coast Highway, Laguna Beach, CA 92651
   Roger Hull, 25291 Tuna Drive, Dana Point, CA 92629
   R. L. Carpenter, 507 Courtland Drive, San Bernardino, CA 92405
8. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities
   Harvey M. Woien - 8192 Andora Drive, La Mirada, CA 90638
   Thomas Beard - 31311 Monterey Dr., South Laguna, CA 92677
   Nadine Elliston - 812 Chestnut St., Los Angeles, CA 90042
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates.

   39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.

   /s/ Roger Hull

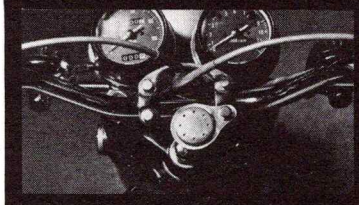
10. (Not applicable)

11. Extent and Nature of Circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual Number of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed	14,714	28,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	10,397	20,704
2. Mail subscriptions	2,372	3,872
C. Total Paid Circulation	12,769	24,576
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or Other Means		
1. Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free Copies	297	558
2. Copies Distributed to News Agents, but not Sold	4,319	9,108
E. Total Distribution	13,066	25,134
F. Office Use, Left-Over, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing	1,648	2,866
G. Total	14,714	28,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
/s/ Roger Hull

NEW ACCESSORIES FROM GTMA

GT MOTORCYCLE ACCESSORIES



THE "TURN-BUZZER"

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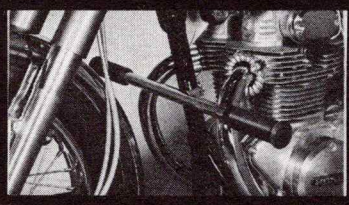

THE "CRUISER"

is a chrome accessory which installs in minutes and allows you to vary your foot position when touring or just cruising around town. Adds comfort and looks to your bike.
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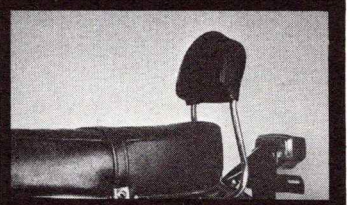
For double tube frame, ONLY **$12.95**

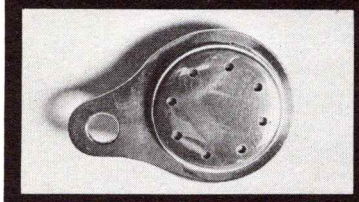
THE "LEANER"

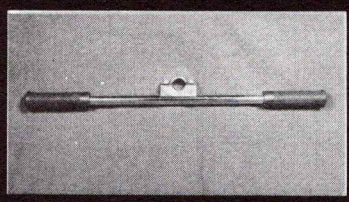
is a chrome backrest which installs in minutes and will give your passenger comfort and support. Also gives your bike a custom look. **ONLY $9.95**

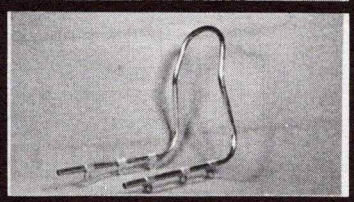


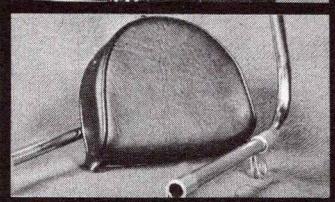
THE "LEANER-PAD"

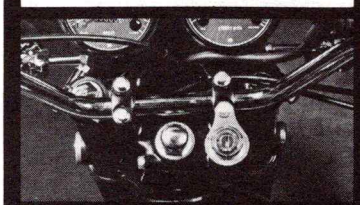
is a quality snap-on naugahyde cushion for the "Leaner." It will give your passenger added support and comfort. Installs in seconds. **ONLY $4.95**





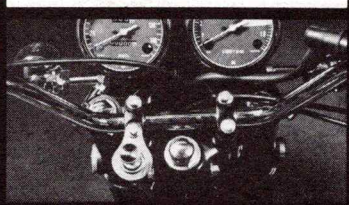






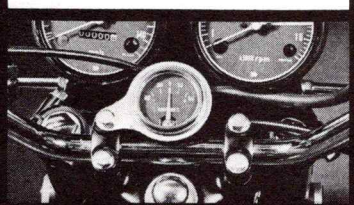
THE "SWITCH-A-SWITCH"

is a simple conversion kit for changing the location of your ignition switch from under the tank to the handlebars. No more burned fingers, stooping or searching, it's right there in front of you. **ONLY $1.95**



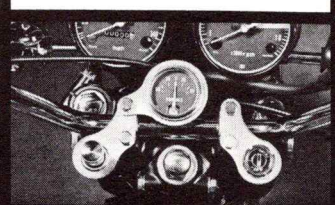
THE "CIGARETTE LIGHTER"

is a chrome unit which attaches to the handlebars and puts a light to your cigarette within easy reach. **ONLY $4.95**



THE "GAUGE-MOUNT"

is a chrome device that allows you to mount any standard two-inch gauge to your handlebars. Supplement your stock instruments with the gauge of your choice. **ONLY $1.95**



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	DOUBLE TUBE	
LEANER		
LEANER PAD		
SWITCH-A-SWITCH		
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CRUISER		100-175-350-450-500-750	
LEANER		Z50-CT70-CL70-100-175-350-450-500-750	
LEANER PAD		Z50-CT70-CL70-100-175-350-450-500-750	
SWITCH-A-SWITCH		175-350-450-500-750	
CIGARETTE LIGHTER		175-350-450-500-750	
GAUGE-MOUNT		175-350-450-500-750	

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RR-12

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what's happening

As usual, the December offerings for road riders are pretty slim. Old Winter-man has done his usual job in closing most of us indoors for the duration. There are a couple of things which should be mentioned, however, before we get on to that dinky list down there below.

First: Now is a good time to start looking forward to your Summer touring, so we've listed some of the biggies just to get you to thinking ahead. There will be others in addition to those mentioned here, of course. We'll have more information later.

Second: We'd like to get going on next year's road events, so all you overworked club secretaries get your 1972 schedules in to us as soon as possible so we can include all the pertinent information in coming issues. Several clubs have sent in items just a week or so before the event. This is too late to be listed in What's Happening. We need the material at least 90 days prior to the month in which the event occurs, so fire the basic information (we don't need the flyer) to us as soon as possible.

Send it to: ROAD RIDER - What's Happening
P. O. Box 678
South Laguna, California, 92677

And now -- What's Happening? Well, not a heck of a lot.

December

4 Old Timers Dance, San Francisco M/C, Calif. (No address given.)

5 ARRC Benefit Run. Contact: Bud Allen, 4136 E. Pima, Tucson, Arizona
Or call (602) 793-1582
4th Annual Christmas Benefit Run, Tri-City M/C, Oceanside, Calif.
Call (714) 753-3996
Oxnard M/C Toys for Tots Benefit Run, Oxnard, Calif.
Call (213) 860-2055

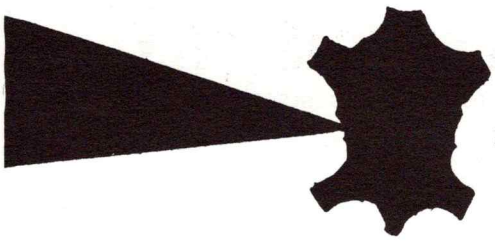
11 SCMA 4th Annual Christmas Party, Los Angeles, Calif.
Call (213) 327-5746

12 Frozen Shamrock Run, Irish Ramblers M/C, Edmonds, Wash.
Write: 907 7th St. N., Edmonds, WA 98020 (206) 744-0409

25 MERRY CHRISTMAS!

PLAN WAY AHEAD (All dates tentative)

First week in August: Pikes Peak Tour
Write: Bill Manning, 630 Cook St., Denver, Colorado, 80209
Second week in August: Black Hills Rally at Sturgis, South Dakota
Write: J. C. Hoel, Box 297, Sturgis, South Dakota, 57785
Third week in August: Puget Sound Tour
Write: David Hough, 7219 Bainbridge Island, Wash., 98110.



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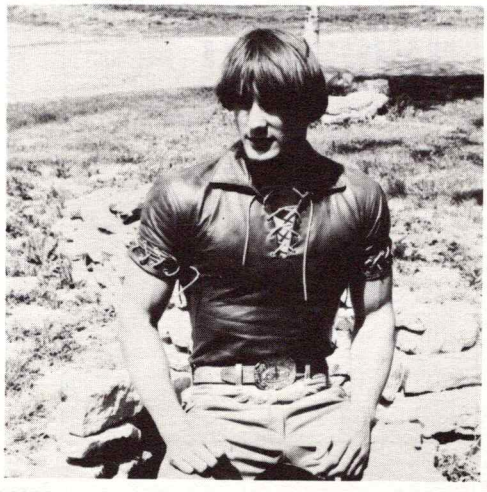

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Ph: 233-6247

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Whittier Harley-Davidson Sales
7930 S. Greenleaf
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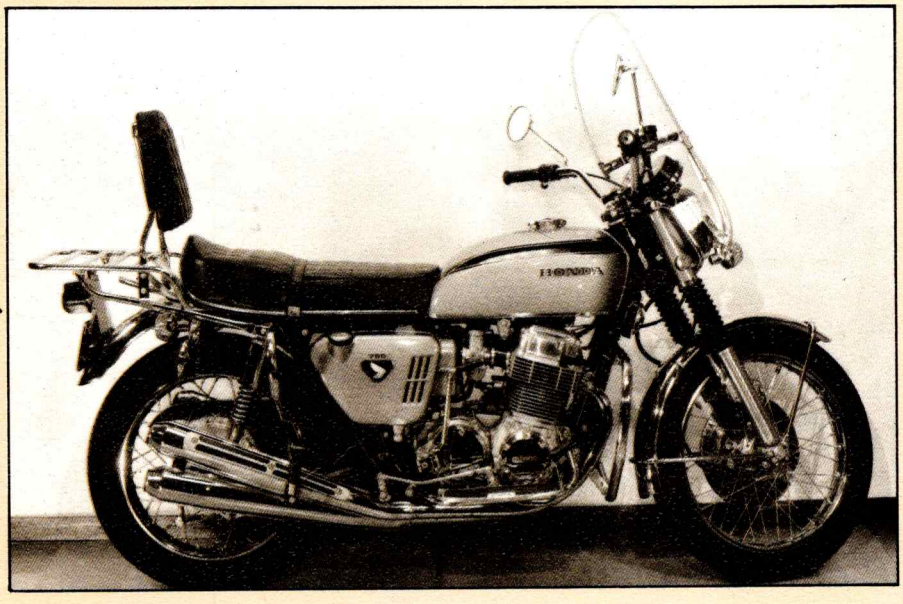
NO COMMENT

Photo: From the collection of Alfred H. Feldmann

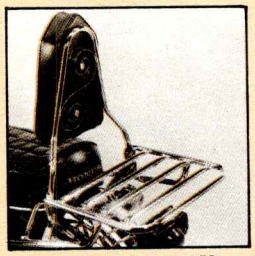
WANTED

TRIPLE A's GANG OF ACCESSORIES

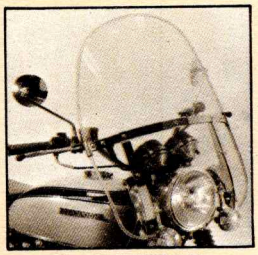


FOR GANGING UP ON THE HONDA 750 AND MAKING IT ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND COMFORTABLE TOURING BIKES AVAILABLE.

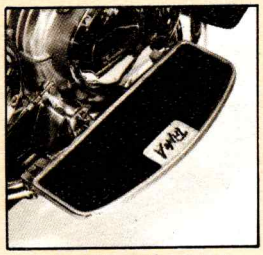
THE GANG



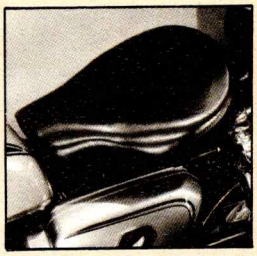
LUGGAGE RACK & MOR SCROLL BARS



WINDSHIELD



FLOOR BOARDS



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